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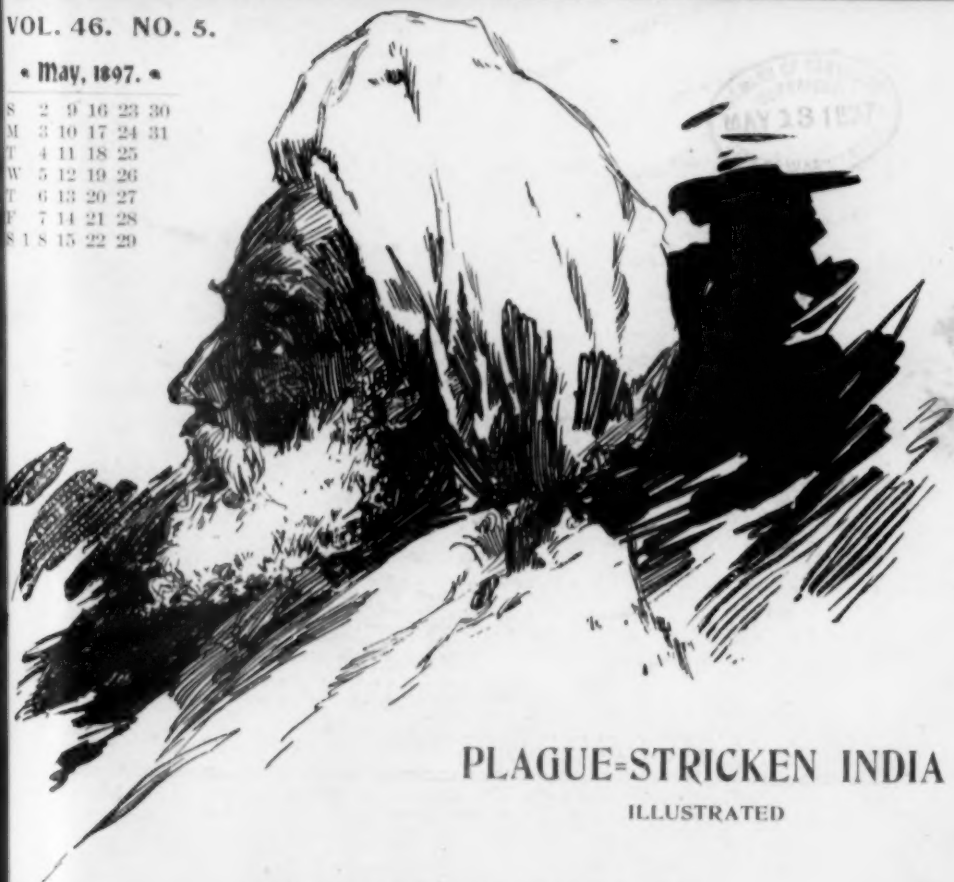
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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

VOL. 46. NO. 5.

• May, 1897. •

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PLAGUE-STRICKEN INDIA

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED BY THOS. JAY GLEASON, NEW YORK

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

MAY 1897

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## Arthur's Home Magazine

203 Front Street, New York

## OUR PURPOSE

**E**VERY enterprise should have a purpose. A magazine without one would be like a rudderless ship. We submit in brief the purpose of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

First and foremost, we shall present facts and truths to our readers each month that will materially help and instruct. As an indication of what we mean by facts and truths being materially helpful and instructive, we refer the reader to our SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT, edited by the "AUTHOR OF PRESTON PAPERS," whose initial contribution appears in this and will continue through succeeding numbers. The "Author of Preston Papers" has been so widely and favorably referred to in the public press as an able educator, speaker and writer, that an introduction here is hardly necessary.

In like manner we refer to our KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT, edited by MR. FREDERIC L. LUQUEER, Ph.D., a specialist in Kindergarten Work. We believe that there are many persons, especially mothers, who desire knowledge on the subject of the methods and principles of the Kindergarten, with reference to their application not alone in the school but also in the home. To tell the story of the Kindergarten in a non-technical and practical manner shall be our aim. The articles by Mr. Luqueer begin in the March and continue in succeeding numbers.

MISS MARY ALINE BROWN, editor of "Woman's Temperance Work," the official organ of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will, in her interesting and forceful manner, tell us of the origin and progress of the Union in the past, also its plans and purposes for the future.

MISS LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN, whose fame as a student and lecturer on the History of Costume is international, will contribute a series of illustrated articles on THE HISTORY OF COSTUME, beginning with primitive man, and conduct us through the manifold changes of intervening centuries to the fashion plates of to-day. The value and importance of this series of articles, emanating from such an authentic source, can hardly be estimated, and the readers of ARTHUR'S have in these articles alone a rare treat in store for them.

Miss Both-Hendriksen is not only the pioneer in America in her chosen field, but occupies it without a peer. The first article will appear in the April number.

We purpose that our fiction and verse shall be elevating as well as entertaining. It must be good in itself, for we are not in sympathy with words, words, words, though they may come to us with all the delusive glamor of a celebrated literary or high-sounding social name.



Under the title of "SIMPLE WAYS AND MEANS FOR HOME ADORNMENT," MR. ED. DEWSON will tell us how to secure simple artistic results in home decoration at moderate price. He will go with us from the portal through each room in the house, advising us in the use of grills and draperies, rugs and stained floors, the arrangement of furniture, and the many accessories necessary for satisfactory results.

In the series "PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ART GALLERIES, ILLUSTRATED," we will treat separately each of the several best-known galleries. The text will so treat and comment upon the profuse illustrations that our readers will be made to feel familiar with the famous or distinctive masterpieces of the collection.

"ILLUSTRATED VISITS TO OUR PUBLIC PARKS" will serve to familiarize our readers with the natural wonders of our great country, and the beauties and the utility of the breathing places of our great cities. Special photographic reproductions of the foliage of the Pacific Coast, of the grandeur of the Yellowstone valleys, of picturesque Fairmount, of the statuary, architecture and natural beauties of Central and other famous parks will give special value in the current numbers of our magazine. We shall inaugurate the series with a collection of charming views taken in the immediate vicinity of Niagara, with an interesting description written on the spot by M. C. Schuyler.

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**CURRENT EVENTS** of special interest or importance will be noted concisely.

The little ones shall also have a place especially devoted to their welfare and entertainment.

In a word, we believe a home magazine should be helpful, interesting and entertaining.

We cordially invite the support of those in sympathy with that sentiment, also their suggestions, opinions and criticisms.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, New York.

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Time is flitting, time is flitting,  
But we save him in our knitting.

Minutes fly, the saucy witches,  
But we catch them in our stitches.

And we fit, with heel and toe,  
Old Time's footsteps as they go.







*Meeting of Countess of Anvers with Tablet. (See History of Costume, page 298)*

Painted by W. G. Oudehardon, R. A.

# Arthur's Home Magazine

VOL XLVI

MAY, 1897

NO. 5



*Burmah—Elephant piling lumber*

## PLAGUE-STRICKEN INDIA

BY JAMES HOWARD

The sound of lamentation in "far Cathay" is still ringing in the ears of the Western World; the famine which has decimated the inhabitants of the great Indian empire is but of yesterday and the fearful plague which followed in its wake is barely yet a thing of the past. These famines are not of rare occurrence in India; they have marked the seasons of 1769-70, of 1837-38, of 1860-61, of 1866 and of 1874, and each one was as terrible as the other. That of the present year bears as its worst feature the subsequent plague which completely de-

stroyed the population of certain districts while other localities were entirely free from it.

There is no more interesting portion of the world than India. To the north of it lie the Himalaya Mountains, which under various names extend from the Indus on the west to the Brahmaputra on the east. On the south it is washed by the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, while on the west it is separated by a range of mountains from Afghanistan and Baluchistan, the whole forming an irregular triangle covering 1,770,000 square miles.

The vast area of India necessarily includes a great diversity of surface, and with its mountains, plains, valleys, rivers, forests and deserts it presents an epitome of the physical features of the whole world. Its mountains are the loftiest, its rivers among the largest of the world. It offers the extremes of Arctic cold and tropical heat. It exhibits nature in her most exuberant fertility and in her dreariest barrenness. Its landscapes at one point cold, stern and uninviting, are at another full of harmony of color. Its forests are composed of trees which clothe the sides of European uplands, and of palms which overshadow the verdure of tropic lands. In a word, it is inexhaustible in its variety.

Bombay may appropriately be termed the western gate of India. It is the chief port of communication with the ruling country and has been brought into comparatively close connection with it by the construction of the Suez Canal. Bombay proper is a small island of about eighteen square miles, and was ceded by Portugal to England as part of the dower of Catherine of Braganza. With its mast-studded harbor, its terraces of square-built, Venetian, windowed houses, its masses of tropical vegetation and its background of azure-tinted mountains it presents a most attractive spectacle. The view from the harbor is one of the loveliest of the world's lovely scenes. A soft, transparent air rests on the palm groves which thickly clothe the lower hills. Island after island, each blooming with verdure, is brought into the sparkling, many-colored panorama, and glittering inlets of sea reach far up into the hearts of mountains which attract by the infinite variety of their outline. The waters are crowded with ships from every clime and of every style of rigging, ships at anchor in the bay, ships loading or unloading at the wharves, steamers churning the blue water into shining foam, and numberless native boats, with large canvas sails and covered poop, darting to and fro as if possessed of a super-

natural activity. Beyond the ships and masts are seen tiers of white houses embossed in foliage, and here and there a steeple, indicating the position of Colaba, and the long, far-spreading area of the great city, with its motley population of gold-worshippers and fire-worshippers, gathered from almost all parts of the known world.

On that side of the harbor that faces the island stands the Fort or Kilah, the oldest quarter of Bombay. Here are the crowded docks, the vast loaded warehouses, and some cotton presses, side by side with huge chaotic heaps of the all-important fibre, which will shortly be converted into bales and despatched to the looms of Manchester. In the centre of the town and around a large circle, are situated the great commercial houses—"factories," as they were once called—the banks, the town hall and the mint. In a word, the Fort is to Bombay what the "City" is to London. During the day it is a scene of incessant toil and bustle; at night it is deserted. Go to the Fort at seven o'clock in the morning and traverse the long, dark, narrow streets; you will find them abandoned, except by the policemen on duty. But about ten o'clock there comes a change. At the extremity of the vast esplanade that surrounds the Fort on three sides, appears an army of carriages, conveying masters, employés, merchants and purchasers. All direct their course to the Fort; the streets fill, and in a few minutes the silence gives place to the noise and tumult of a busy town. At four o'clock a fresh change occurs. The people retire from the Fort with greater haste than they used in entering it; the carriages are filled; horsemen ride away and files of natives, armed with umbrellas and clad in white, pass along the esplanade. Half an hour later the streets are again given up to the rats and the policemen.

At the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges stands Allahabad. The aspect of the city is disagreeably English, contrasting painfully with the





*Pyramidal Temple, Tanjore, India*

Oriental scenery of the country. The Lieutenant-Governor of India resides here, and has a much better location for his home than has the Governor-General, who is forced to live at malarious Calcutta, while the climate here, though warm, is healthy, and the surrounding country wants nothing but cultivation to make it the garden of India. At the confluence of the two rivers the waters broaden out into a gleaming lake that disappears on the horizon between palm-crowned banks. The Hindus regard the confluence of all rivers as sacred, but this one as es-

pecially so. Here they place the great Triveni, the centre of three sacred streams; the third being a mystic river, which falls from heaven. In their united waters lies the power of cleansing even the most terrible sins. The moral leper, bathing in them, is henceforth pure as snow.

In the religion of the Hindus the Ganges has always played a conspicuous part. It is pre-eminently their sacred river, and its goddess is endowed with all the attributes of beneficence. To die on its banks is to die in the assurance of future



*India—Juggernaut—The Car*

*Hyderabad—India*

bliss; to wash in its waters is to be cleansed from the most heinous sins. The odor of sanctity prevails all along its course. Its water is esteemed for its supposed medicinal properties, and so great is the veneration in which it is held that the Brahmans are sworn upon it in British courts of justice.

In the great mutiny of 1857 Allahabad played an important part. The possession of its fort would have been of great value to the rebel Sepoys, and would have enabled them to command the passage of both the Ganges and the Jumna. When the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached the officer in command, he gathered the Europeans of Allahabad, with their wives and children, within the walls of the fort, and put arms into the hands of all able to use them. Its occupants, however, were too few to have defended it successfully, nor was it supplied for a siege. Happily, on the 7th of June,

fifty gallant fellows of Neil's famous regiment, the "Madras Lambs," arrived, after a night march of eighty miles, at the Benares end of the bridge of boats, and in the evening were smuggled into the fort. Two days later another detachment was sent forward by the indefatigable Neil. On the 11th he himself appeared, having pushed on with incredible speed under a burning sun, and, though nearly prostrated by his sufferings, drove the mutineers out of their position around the fort and secured Allahabad for the British.

There is one city of India which is interesting to all people of sentiment; this city is Agra. There is but one "sight" for the traveller in the city, the Taj Mahal. Travellers in speaking of it run riot in superlatives. It is a cluster of pearly, snow-white domes nestling around one grand central dome, like a gigantic pearl; all these crowning a building of purest, highly pol-

*A Native*

ished marble, so perfect in its proportions, so lovely in its design, so restful to the eye, and so simple, yet so complex in its simplicity that it resembles rather the marble embodiment of a fairy dream than any work of human hands. Its four sides are exactly alike; hence it follows that its perfection of form never varies, whatever the spectator's point of view. Standing apart from the city and from every other building, it is all alone in its transcendent loveliness, with a rich eastern garden blooming beside it and with the warm red sandstone walls of

the enclosure washed by the blue waters of the sacred Jumna.

It is an inspiration to stand beneath one of the great dark cypresses, the boughs of which are festooned with the glorious lilac-tinted leaves of the beautiful bougainvillea, while numbers of emerald-plumaged parrots flutter among the foliage, and to gaze on the wondrous edifice which commemorates an emperor's love and sorrow.

Yes, an emperor's love and sorrow; for the Taj is but a tomb—a tomb among palaces and a palace among

tombs—raised by the great Mogul Shah Jehan, in memory of his beloved Mumtáz-i-Mahal, known also as Taj Mahal, "the crown of empires." After a happy married life of twenty years she died giving birth to a daughter. Her imperial husband mourned for her with a profound sorrow. It seemed as if nothing could again give him pleasure; for

upward of twenty-two years, twenty thousand men were employed on the building, and about \$15,000,000 were expended, which, of course, takes no account of compulsory labor, or of the tribute furnished by conquered nations. The red sandstone used was found near at hand, but the white marble was brought all the way from Jeypur.



*Native Village near Calcutta, India*

"Of slaves he had many, of wives but one—  
There is but one God for the soul, he said,  
And but one moon for the sun."

But at length the idea occurred to him of erecting a monument in her honor, which should testify to ages how great had been his devotion. For this purpose he summoned to Agra the finest workers of every nation, and to what his Eastern imagination had conceived Italian art gave place and proportion. It is on record that for

About midway between Agra and Allahabad lies the town of Cawnpur. With no city in India are more mournful memories connected, and it will be long before the name will fail to awaken mingled feelings of pity and indignation. Before the outbreak of the mutiny Cawnpur was occupied by three regiments of Sepoys, who, with a force of cavalry and a company of artillerymen, brought up the strength of the native garrison to





*Calcutta—On the Hwai-Ho*

three thousand men. Of European soldiers there were about three hundred. Add to these the civilians, officials, merchants, shopkeepers, and their families, and it is estimated that the number of Europeans and persons of European extraction then resident at Cawnpur exceeded a thousand.

The English cantonments at that time extended for about six miles along the river bank, each residence standing in its own compound or paddock of three or four houses. The house, like all houses outside the Calcutta Ditch, consists of a single story, built of brick coated with white plaster. A flight of half a dozen steps leads up to a verandah which runs around three sides of the building. The noticeable objects there will probably be a native tailor, working in the attitude adopted by tailors in all

lands where men wear clothes; a wretched being squatted on his haunches, lazily pulling the string of a punkah that passes through a hole in the brickwork into the Sahib's bedroom—a monotonous occupation, which from time to time he sweetens by snatches of sleep; a Madras valet, spreading butter on the Sahib's morning toast with the greasy wing of a fowl, and against the windward wall a row of jars of porous red clay, in which water is cooling for the Sahib's morning bath.

The dreariness of the compound is usually relieved by a well-kept garden; and the cantonments as a whole assume a cheerful appearance, with their race-course and markets, racket-court, library and other conveniences which an Englishman imports wherever he establishes his home. In

none of these was Cawnpur deficient, and just prior to the outbreak of the Great Mutiny it was not only one of the most important, but also one of the pleasantest military stations in India.

Great was the change when, in May, 1857, the news arrived of the outbreak of the rebellion at Meerut, and the famous march of the mutinous Sepoys upon Delhi. At first, indeed, the intelligence was discredited by the British commander, a veteran of seventy-five years, and even when something like the truth was known he would not believe that the fidelity of his own troops was doubtful. He had lived long among the Sepoys, and fought at their head; and he had learned to trust in them implicitly, crediting them with good qualities which existed only in his fond imagination. While the delusion was still upon him he suffered much valuable

time to pass, and when he awoke to the fact that treason lurked in his own garrison, he telegraphed to Lucknow for aid, it is true, but he also summoned to his assistance the Nana of Bithoor, who immediately arrived with ten guns and three hundred men, not to aid the British, but to assume the leadership of the rebels.

Urged by officers who did not share their old chief's blindness, the commander had fortified an old hospital; it afforded but a poor shelter.

The annals of warfare contain no episode so painful as the story of the siege of Cawnpur. Never before had the sun shone on such a scene; on a crowd of women and children cooped up in a confined space, and for twenty days and nights exposed to the pitiless fire of thousands of muskets and a score of heavy cannon. By the evening of the third day every door and window had been beaten in. Next



*Entrance Gate to Secunda Bagh, Lucknow, India—200 mutineers killed here 1857*



*Calcutta—Bathing in the Hoai-Ho*

crashed and splintered the screens, the piled-up furniture, the internal partitions, and shell and ball tore their fierce way unchecked through the naked rooms. Some ladies were slain outright, others sorely wounded by bullets, by falling brick-work or by the splinters that flew from sash and panel.

Words cannot do justice to the brilliant valor of the defence. Never on the most illustrious field have English soldiers more heroically upheld the honor of their race. They were few, but they were faithful; day and night they remained at their posts. Ammunition was diminishing, food was growing scarce and there was no water, yet the little garrison held out and the Nana finally realized that the only way to take the fort was to kill its best defender. Fearing the arrival of English troops before he could accomplish this end, he determined to resort to fraud. He sent word to the

venerable English commander that "all who were in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie" (the Governor-General had annexed a native prince's province) "and were willing to lay down their arms, should receive a safe passage to Allahabad." The message was the subject of infinite discussion in the General's council; but at last, pressed by the approach of famine, and by tender thoughts of the women and children, it was resolved to accept the offered terms. The stipulations were that the little European force should be allowed to march out under arms, with sixty rounds of ammunition to every man; that carriages should be provided for the conveyance of the wounded, the women and the children; and that boats, victualled with a sufficiency of flour should be in readiness at the neighboring landing place.

The Ghat, or landing place, lay about a mile to the northwest of the

fort. A picturesque temple was close beside it, and in the rear a steep embankment. Here the Nana placed five guns and five hundred musketeers. Sepoys were drawn up behind the village and a squadron of troopers lay concealed behind the temple.

At dawn began the evacuation of the fortress, and the strange procession turned into the deep lane that led to the ghat. It reached the landing place, the women, the children and the wounded were in the boats; the officers and men were prepared to scramble in, when a bugle sounded and instantly a pitiless fire was opened on the little flotilla. Several of the barges took fire, and almost instantly the entire fleet was ablaze. One boat got clear and floated down the stream, but the others were riddled by a shower of bullets from cannon and muskets. To add to the horror the natives plunged into the river and slashed until their arms were weary.

When the murderers grew weary of killing, the women and children whom shot and flame had spared, were gathered together and brought to land. They were confined in two rooms twenty feet by ten, and gradually their numbers were augmented by captives taken in the neighboring towns till, in that small space, there were two hundred and six persons.

As soon as the news of these events reached the seat of government, Sir Henry Havelock gathered a force and marched with all speed to Cawnpur, but when at last he cut his way into Cawnpur not a single European was alive to receive him.

Two days before all had been massacred, the men first, then the women and children. The slaughter of the latter was attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Five executioners were employed by the Nana to do the bloody deed. After some Sepoys had discharged their muskets through the windows the five men entered the rooms. Shrieks and scuffling made known to those who

waited without that the journeymen were earning their horrid wage. By the time darkness had gathered over the scene the men came forth and locked up the house for the night. The screams then ceased, but the groans were heard until morning.

Next day the bodies were thrown in a dry well. Those that had clothing worth taking were stripped. Some were alive, three could speak. The dead were thrown in first, then the living were despatched, and before noon no European remained alive within the circuit of the station. We confess that it is with satisfaction we record the fact that a terrible retribution fell upon all who had taken part, directly, or indirectly, in this atrocious massacre. Few of the Cawnpur mutineers escaped the halter or the bayonet, and those few suffered so grievously that death had been better for them than life.

We could wish that the innocent had not been involved in the fate which pursued the guilty; that the British soldier, while swift to punish had been merciful to spare. Yet some excuse may surely be made for men who saw with their own eyes the traces of the massacre—the women's apartment ankle deep in blood, and the well choked up with the bodies of women and children. It was impossible to see these things and not be sensible of a terrible unappeasable thirst for vengeance. Even now, when the memory of the mutiny is so far removed, the cheek blushes, the eye kindles, and the heart throbs when they read the sad record of the massacre of Cawnpur.

The fatal well is now covered with a beautiful Gothic memorial, enclosing a fine marble statue of the Angel of Pity. A memorial church has also been erected and the scene of the massacre is occupied by well-ordered gardens, in which no native is allowed to set foot.

It is only since the 1st of January, 1886, that Burmah has formed part of the Indian Empire. The territory had

been in a state of anarchy for many years and the annexation had become a political necessity.

The Burman has many peculiar characteristics which sorely try the patience of Europeans. Still in spite of all shortcomings he has many admirable qualities which enlist the sympa-

with Europeans, and is a prime favorite with foreigners of all classes. Strictly tolerant in matters of religion, Christians, Jews, Mahometans and Hindus are allowed to practise the rites of their several religions without let or hindrance. With surprising candor their teachers allow that Chris-



*Bombay—Marmarie Women*

thy and interest of all who are brought in contact with him. Entirely free from all prejudices of caste he makes no difference between the despised Pariah from the coast of Coromandel and the twice-born Brahman of Benares. All men with him are equal, excepting the King, his ministers and the priests. He fraternizes readily

tianity is almost as good as Buddhism, but consider that the former is best suited to Europeans and the latter to the natives of Burmah.

No calamity is so overwhelming as to cause the Burman to despond. His cattle may die, his crops may be destroyed, his house and all his belongings may be burned, yet his buoyancy



of spirit does not forsake him. Few Burmans care to amass wealth, and those who do, spend it entirely in public works.

Given to braggadocio, the Burman is withal the very pink of courtesy; cruel under excitement, he yet evinces the tenderest compassion for the meanest of God's creatures; though bigoted, he is yet extremely tolerant; apathetic and lazy when there is no need for exertion; he is vivacious and energetic on necessary occasions.

The Burmese woman is as highly esteemed as is her European sister. There is the same free intercourse between the sexes, and all that is claimed by the most advanced woman of the West is voluntarily granted to these women of the East.

Animals are an important factor in all Oriental life, and particularly so in all parts of the Indian Empire. The elephant replaces the horse and is used in all ceremonials to bear distinguished individuals; it carries the hun-

ters who follow the tiger to his lair; it is in the van of every battle. It is also put to the uses of peace, being trained to fetch and carry, to draw water, pile lumber and the like. Dogs are unclean, yet they may not be killed, and birds of all species are regarded as oracles by the ignorant.

All the processes of agriculture are extremely primitive, and it is many times owing to the popular superstitions that crops are not sown and want ensues.

It is impossible for the European to judge the Oriental, their principles and standpoints are so entirely at variance. It is only occasionally that they find an exponent who enters so happily into their feelings and prejudices as Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and indeed with his name begins and ends the list of Indian chroniclers. The country is interesting from end to end, and those who cannot travel will find inexhaustible entertainment in the many books written about the country.

Was never true love loved in vain?  
For truest love is highest gain;  
No art can make it; it must spring  
Where elements are fostering.  
So in Heaven's spot and hour  
Springs the little native flower,  
Downward root and upward eye,  
Shaped by the earth and sky.

—George Eliot



Painted by Paul Delacroix

*The Princess in the Tower.* (See History of Costume, page 298)

# REMINISCENCES

NOW AND THEN, 1897—1822.

ELIZABETH STEARNS WYMAN SCOLLAY.

John G. Saxe has said that "one born in Boston needs no second birth." Pardon me, Mr. Saxe, if I object. Under some circumstances this may be true. But if one is so fortunate as to have been born in that city of colonial fame and has passed his early life in the enjoyment of its refined and cultured society, and is then removed to a home in the West, as that country was some six or seven decades ago, I say he needs regeneration of soul, mind and body, in order to bear his new environment with heroism, fortitude, patience and other Christian graces. Dear to my heart was every inch of historic ground in and around Boston. True, my paternal ancestors were born in England and emigrated to this country some four centuries ago, but many of their descendants fought bravely in the Revolutionary War; among them was my great-grandfather, Capt. Edward Stearns. At the battle of Concord he was lieutenant of a Bedford company. His captain, who was his brother-in-law, having been killed, he took command of the company. When the British soldiers crossed the bridge at Concord, they tore up the planking after them to prevent the advance of the patriot forces. Capt. Stearns, nothing daunted, marched his company over the string timbers and did good service throughout the day. But it is not of these things I wish now to speak.

My earliest recollections are of a much later period, after peace was restored. But the fire of patriotism was started early in our juvenile breasts.

Its spirit was imbibed with our milk, and was constantly nursed by stirring tales of the bravery of our soldiers, while no opportunity was lost in impressing upon our minds how dearly our liberty was bought. Especial care was taken to deepen these impressions on the Fourth of July (the day of all others in the calendar), when we were marched to Bunker Hill and sworn in, as it were, by the imposing ceremonies which took place on that consecrated ground. Although we were too young to appreciate the masterly eloquence of Daniel Webster, or the elaborate oratory of Edward Everett, yet we took in all we could hold of patriotism, sufficient to last till the next year. To accentuate our impressions, we had many object lessons in the army of men (and they were as numerous as George Washington's body servants, the last of whom none of us will live long enough to see), who claimed to have lost their missing limbs in the war, and who were sure to be in evidence on these occasions, not so much to revive their patriotism as to replenish their purses. What a pity the Government could not afford to give them such generous pensions as our soldiers of the civil war have received! However, these relics of the Revolution appealed strongly to our childish sympathies, especially when some of them worked their way along as best they could, minus both legs, and before we knew what we were about, we gave them all the money we had; and if it did not put them on their feet again, I'm sure it was no fault of ours, for had we not

made the heroic sacrifice of candy and lemonade in the glorious cause of freedom?

I must not forget one duty we rigidly performed on that day—namely, to wind our way through the inside of the monument (not so long a pilgrimage as it would be at the present day, for it had not then attained its growth), the summit of which commanded a fine view of the ground where was fought the most sanguinary battle of the Revolution. Thus ended the duties of the day, which we had performed to our satisfaction, at least.

A reward of merit sometimes given to us children, either at school or at home, was a ride to one of the various places of historic interest in and around Boston—to Lexington, where, in April, 1775, the first patriot blood was shed—or to Cambridge Common, where, on July 3, 1775, the American army was drawn up to receive Washington as its Commander-in-Chief. Charlestown, Concord and many other places we visited, which served to keep the patriotic fire alive in our breasts.

One event I must mention and that was a visit to Boston by President Andrew Jackson, during his first term of administration. All the schools were ordered out on parade, and great was our curiosity to see a live President. We felt that he was greatly honored by the sight of us and by being permitted to shake hands with some of us, when he was introduced to us as the children or grandchildren of some of his comrades in the war. Our self-importance vanished, and all our hearts were won, when it was told us that at the age of thirteen years he fought under Sumter, and remained in the army until the close of the war.

But 'ere our childhood's days had passed we were suddenly called upon to bid farewell to the scenes rendered so dear to us by their hallowed associations and remove westward.

We left Boston for New York

City on a steamer which lacked some of the comforts and conveniences of those which now ply between these cities. Our trip was a pleasant one, though the chief point of interest was Point Judith. In that remote period, people were not rushed from one end of their journey to the other. As there were no such things as "through tickets," we could spend all the time we wished in the principal cities along our route. After seeing the various places of interest in the metropolis, we took the stage for Philadelphia.

Reading a few days since of the magnificent equipment of the special train that conveyed President-elect McKinley and his family from their home in Canton, Ohio, to Washington, my mind naturally reverted to the magical changes that have taken place in the mode of travelling within the last six or seven decades. The journey which the President made in sixteen hours would, in former times, have required almost as many days. Contrast the modern commodious railway car with the old-time stage coach—the interior of which was fitted up with three seats, each being intended for three passengers. The back of the middle seat consisted of a broad, leathern strap which swayed back most provokingly, especially when occupied by the fat man, who invariably managed to get into the centre of the seat, much to the discomfort of those on the seat. The interstitial room was filled with valises, travelling-bags and the traditional great box, little box, bandbox and bundle.

It was in one of these coaches that we travelled to Philadelphia, where we saw many things of historic interest. From the Quaker City we took the Schuylkill River and canal and Union Canal. Glad enough were we of this mode of procedure which, though snail-paced, had its compensations in the sense of safety we felt, as well as the opportunity it gave us

for stretching and sketching—to say nothing of a chance for a footrace between the locks.

After our canal trip, we again took the stage for that part of our journey to which we had looked forward with great interest, and that was over the Alleghany mountains.

This we would have enjoyed much more, had not our thoughts been so frequently diverted from the grand scenery, by the peril of the journey which I shall never forget.

The road was a circuitous one, and in many places so narrow that the wheels of our coach came within the traditional "inch" of the edge of a precipice, giving us a good opportunity to view the valleys below. By daylight we could see our danger, but at night we felt it, especially, when we discovered our driver was keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down; and it must be confessed that our prayers went up more for our necks than for our souls.

When this stage of our journey was ended, we felt like sending up a vote of thanks that our lives had been saved and that our limbs were in their proper places.

At Pittsburg, for "we knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," etc., that Pittsburg was near, commenced our long trip on the Ohio river to Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville and Cairo. Much to our disappointment, we found that, owing to the low stage of water, only the small steamboats (stern wheel, and drawing from two and a half to three feet of water) were running. This trip was of three weeks' duration, not that we were moving all the time, but that our progress was frequently barred by the vexatious sand-bar.

This caused such a grating and jarring of the boat, such a furious whistling of the engine and ringing of the bell, and such a tramping by the officers and deck hands of the boat, who used some red-hot adjectives in their dialect, while trying to free the boat from its bed of sand. These de-

lays were not so annoying to those on pleasure bent, but to the gentlemen, on business bent, were exceedingly trying, and we feared that in their impatience their souls would go entirely out of their possession. As all things come to an end, so did this trip. From Cairo we went up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and after passing a few days in that pleasant and hospitable city, we crossed the Mississippi into Illinois, the State of our destination.

At this remote period, there was not even a stage-line to convey us to our future home at Hillsboro, near the interior of the State.

Consequently we had to avail ourselves of whatever conveyance we could obtain, and this was a schooner, or emigrant-wagon, which in some seasons of the year was the only safe one, there being a tract of land a few miles northeast of St. Louis, known as the American Bottom. Here the land in the spring is partially submerged, and is of so adhesive a nature that it would be extremely dangerous to go over it (or, perhaps, I should say, through it) with any lighter carriage.

In this vicinity are the Indian Mounds which contain many Indian relics.

Archæologists have been greatly interested in these mounds, among whom is Mr. A. G. Conant, formerly of Alton, Illinois, but now of New York City. By his researches he has made valuable contributions to science, as a result of which he has been made a member of the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences in Paris.

I must not forget to mention the corduroy bridges laid over creeks and swampish places. They consisted of logs thrown down loosely, but were so covered with mud we could see little of their construction, but judging from the jolting we received in crossing them we doubted not they were fine examples of uncivil engineering; and also a good cure for indigestion.



Here for the first time in our lives we saw the prairies of which we had heard so much. They were covered with bright, beautiful flowers. The chrysanthemum and golden rod grew in such profusion that the prairie looked like a sea of gold. Surely nature had done her part, but not so had man.

The thrift which we had been accustomed to seeing in the East was conspicuously absent here in the West.

Yet the land was cheap and abundant, and the soil highly prolific. But no care was taken in its cultivation; the natives were content with little, and seemed to have no aspirations toward a higher civilization. They lived in huts of unhewn logs, which contained but one or two rooms. In some instances there was not a single window to the hut, the light being admitted through the door which was always kept open, regardless of weather.

But these indolent people possessed many virtues. They were extremely honest, kind-hearted and hospitable.

It was the custom in those times for travellers to keep on their way until night would close in upon them, when they would stop at the first habitation they approached, feeling sure that a meal and a night's lodging for man and beast would be cheerfully provided.

In many instances the money proffered them would be refused.

Some of these people could neither read nor write, although there were some schools in the neighboring villages which were settled and built up by enterprising people from different States.

Much surprised were we, after passing through this wild and uncultivated region, to see the thrift of the little village which was to be our home for a few years, at least.

Too much praise could not be given to its pioneers who, through years of patient toil, self-sacrifice and privations

had accomplished so much in order to place the people upon a higher plane of civilization.

The names of Tillson, Morton, Holmes, Rountree and others (nearly all of whom were from Massachusetts) will long be held in grateful memory by the beneficiaries of their wealth and noble work.

What greater fame can men desire than to have been the promoters of the welfare and happiness of mankind?

It was but a few years before this village could boast of several churches, an academy, lyceum and various mechanical and industrial enterprises.

In process of time the civilizing influences extended to the country around. All were eager for improvement.

It is true we had not many of the advantages and comforts of the older countries to which we had been accustomed, yet we had many privileges we could hardly have expected at that early day. Among them was having in our midst a theologian of rare talent, the Rev. William Huntington, who was settled here for a few years and by whom we were married. He was the father of Rev. Wm. Huntington, now Rector of Grace Church, New York City.

He and his lovely and accomplished wife were greatly beloved by the people.

"Court time" was looked forward to every year, when the most eminent lawyers of the State would come to the place, men who afterwards became famous, namely, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas and James Shields.

Another thing we looked for with great interest, that was the coming of the stage twice a week which brought the mail. All were eager for letters, magazines, among them, *Arthur's*, *Sartain's*, *Godey's Ladies' Book* and other literary periodicals.

These blessings helped to compensate us for many things we missed in

our new surroundings, to which, through much patient effort we had learned to adapt ourselves; and no doubt some of us felt satisfaction in the thought that if posterity had done nothing for us, we had done something for posterity.

Nor were these people in and around our little village lacking in patriotism. At the breaking out of the Mexican war, during President Tyler's administration, they were quick to respond to the call for troops and well do we remember their enthusiasm as they went through the town, halting long enough to receive a flag

which we had the honor of presenting to them,\* and on which was the motto, "We Honor the Brave." Very proud we felt of this company when some time after we learned they had joined the Illinois Brigade under Gen. Scott, and which all told numbered 15,000 men, while the United States troops numbered only 8,000. Gen. Scott selected this brigade to attack the reserve of the Mexican army under Santa Anna. Their success in taking Cerro Gordo and other places is a matter of history.

\*Mrs. Scollay, then Miss Wyman, did the honors of the occasion, making the presentation speech.—[Editor.]



## THE GOVERNOR'S MARRIAGE.

"Who is this, Uncle Philip?" I asked, holding up the photograph of a man of, possibly, sixty-five years; a beautiful, benignant face, strong and full of dignity. White hair framed it in and fell to the collar of his coat; it was this fashion of wearing it and, perhaps, illness that made him look so old.

My uncle handled it lovingly. "You ought to know, my dear. It is Thomas Brent, my oldest, closest friend—there never was a better one. When you were a child, he was Governor of the State. You saw him sometimes; don't you remember now?"

As he spoke, a faint memory rose out of that longest-possible, long-ago

childhood, and I grew interested. Uncle Philip placed a second photograph beside the first, the picture of a fine woman, with straight nose, much beautiful black hair and lovely eyes. "His wife," he said, briefly. Then he laid a third card beside the others; the face of a man of perhaps thirty-five; handsome, light-hearted and rather clever. "Dabney Brent. These three go together," he said.

I gathered the cards into my hand. "It is a story, isn't it?" I asked. "Tell it to me, do, now, and I'll put it into the great novel I'm writing; something to write about is the one thing I lack for my novel."

"It isn't a story," answered my uncle, thoughtfully. "It took years to live, but you could write it in an hour—no, though, you could not, after all, for there is nothing to tell—exactly—nothing happened, you know, not really—no; there isn't any story."

"Tell it to me anyway, uncle, dear," I coaxed. "I promise solemnly to stop you if it isn't interesting. Begin now: 'Once upon a time there lived'—Where did they all live, to commence with?"

"Do you remember, last summer, as we were coming up the river, an old Colonial house that stood alone in the midst of its great horse chestnuts, just before we reached Brent's Landing—they lived there. It has been rebuilt since the fire, but the Brents built it with bricks brought over from England when George I. was King. They dwelt in it, and all, except the Governor, left it to their sons after them."

"I remember very well the Governor's courting of pretty Sally Powell. She was the belle of the county, not more than seventeen, probably, and almost too fascinating—not one of us but would have told you that." There was a light of reminiscence in Uncle Philip's eyes as he spoke; catching it, I had no doubt as to at least one of Sally Powell's conquests.

"Yes, all the young fellows were in love with her. They disputed her dances at balls; when she came out of

church there was a line of them under the old trees, every man hoping to take her home. They rode with her, serenaded her, and fairly besieged the old Powell place—there were half a dozen of them every night to help cut the watermelons. And Sally in her muslins and ribbons, with a rose in the black masses of her hair, as red as her lips—Sally was bewitching to us all and liked none of us best, unless, I used to think, it might be Dabney Brent.

"She had a pretty way with older men, friends of her father. She used to leave us to go and make mint-julips for them out on the old south porch; and when they asked her to stay and sing for them, she was very willing, sitting on the lower step with her feet in the tangled grass and giving them all the simple old tunes that pretty girls sung in those days. And they, above her there, with their noses buried in the mint and gazing solemnly over it, fell, every man, dead in love. There were so many names for her—'pretty Sally Powell,' 'Saucy Sally Powell'—every one, seeing her, had a new title on his lips; but all of them, being interpreted, meant, 'Dearest Sally Powell.' I think, if there had not been another woman in the county, it would still have held as many love affairs as any other. I do, my dear, upon my soul."

I looked at Uncle Philip and wondered if Aunt Mary had ever heard him talk of Sally Powell, but I only said, discreetly: "And the Governor?"

His smile warmed at the mention of his old friend.

"Ah! Thomas Brent. That was a conquest even for Sally. Things were more formal when he honored her father with a visit. Sally sat at the piano with its lighted candles in the old parlor, and sang her songs when she was asked, and the Governor, in the great armchair near her, listened and looked, and lost something of his grave, careful air. Then she rose and he moved to her side to compliment

her, and they stood together—a distinguished man and a beautiful girl, with a manner of sweet deference toward him.

"The Governor came often; she was an irresistible refreshment in his life. We understood and looked on. Thomas Brent was rich and the Governor was a great personage; his wife would be the 'first lady' in our society; her beauty would have worthier ornaments than red garden roses. On the other hand, there were some thirty years between them and he was a grave, learned man, an earnest student of the Greek poets.

"Did I tell you there were thirteen young Powells coming up somehow on the old place? There was room enough for them and that was all. You know the story of the man who was asked to say grace at the old miser's table: 'O, Lord! here are seven of us, and food for three of us; we thank Thee there are no more of us!' I think Sally had come, unconsciously, to saying her prayers in that spirit. Ah, well; every man of us considered the match the right and proper thing for our little liege lady unless, indeed, she would accept himself as a substitute, which she would not by any means do. Our hearts were all broken and most of us had to get married to mend them. Dabney Brent did not, but he got well over it, too, of course. He could not have married her, anyway, in those days.

"So Sally Powell fell in love and was wedded, and the old, hospitable, tumble-down place that had known her, knew her no more.

"She was very proud of her husband and fond of him. She sang for him and dressed for him, and pushed the Greek poets quite to the wall. She was as welcome in his life as late afternoon sunshine in a gloomy day. She discovered a pretty dignity, too, and queened it socially. When there was a reception, she stood at his side, her proudly lifted little head just on a level with his massive shoulder. When there was a ball, he mingled with the

distinguished older men whose presence honored it, and she came up to show him her crowded card, always the most charming woman there. When he told her not to dance too often with this or that one, she nodded obedience and gave the dance to Dabney Brent instead. It did not matter to her who they were; she was so happy, always and everywhere, and Dabney was there to take care of her. He was her devoted servant and the Governor's very efficient aid; his uncle was proud of him, and I think Dabney deserved all he did for him. Sally mockingly called him 'Nephew' and made use of him endlessly."

Uncle Philip paused reflectively, absorbed in thought of them all; he had slipped back into the past with them and completely forgotten me.

"I think," he said, slowly, "I think for ten years she might have said she was happy all day long—yes, for fully ten years."

"And after that?" I asked.

"After that, you know, the war came. Ah, that war! That was the end of Brent's career, of course, and equally, of course, of his fortune. The tremendous strain of those four years broke down his health, and it was a suffering, white-haired man, suddenly old, who took Sally home to Brent's Landing."

"And Dabney Brent?" asked I.

"Oh, Dabney came home from the war a major, and since then," my uncle shrugged his shoulder, "I believe he has been building up a New South.

"He was often at Brent's Landing; they liked having him, of course. I don't know what Sally would have done without him. She was a young woman still, you see, and she used to call that old house a tomb, but, to the Governor, it was a place of refuge. He walked slowly enough then in the old hall that had seen his first steps. He was tired out, disappointed and glad to come home.

"The heart of the house was his



study, and it is always the frame to his picture, in my mind. He spent his days alone there and believed the sun shone when his beautiful wife flitted in and out. Five walls it had, for the fireplace claimed one to itself; on the others, the books had crept everywhere till not an inch was visible. There were deep window seats where one might sit and reach a hand to the shelves below for a book. Through one door, one might read the clock on the stairs, and through another go out to the company of the huge chestnuts on the lawn, and so down to the river. Here was Mrs. Brent's frivolous little workbox and her riding whip—she rode with Dabney—in the window-seat with the box of bon-bons he sent her down from the city; the weightiest volume dared not displace any of them. Here the cat went to sleep on the sofa, and so her master had only his chair to rest in; he drew it across the open door in the shade of the chestnuts and sat there, his Homer dropped from his hand, his head fallen forward, his white hair lying on the collar of his coat. So I often saw him in those days—so I see him now.

"I have heard Mrs. Brent speak of that life; she always said that, Thank God, she had done her duty. And she did, without fail in all things, and grew, perhaps, handsomer in her maturity than she had ever been, but I thought to myself, such women are like roses—sweetest when they are freshest."

"And when did the fire happen, uncle? You saw that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw it. That was a terrible night! The dear, old place! Down there they have no facilities for fighting fire—nothing but a line of buckets from the river, and the fire had imprisoned the Brents in the second story. It was simply agony to stand there and watch them at the window. We had just one ladder and it was short."

I leaned forward. "They were saved somehow, Uncle Philip. I know

it. Was it Dabney Brent who did it? Oh, it was fine of him—and you said there was no story!"

Uncle Philip smiled grimly. "It was Dabney who placed the ladder that was too short—I shall never forget her cry when she saw it—but it was Thomas Brent who went back into the room and the smoke, and we saw him presently—oh, there was light enough!—tearing sheets and knotting them and testing every knot with his hands. Sally was too wild with terror to help. There was very little time, but he did it and called to us to have the ladder ready. We saw him make fast his rope and lift his wife in his arms and strain her close to him; she was almost fainting, then. He secured his line beneath her arms and made ready to lower her to Dabney standing on the ladder.

"We scarcely breathed. Brent lifted her—he had got back the strength of ten years ago. But as she touched the sill, terror roused her and she sprang away from him, pushing him back with:

"'No—you are old. So old and weak. I won't trust you! I want Dabney! Dabney! Dabney!'"

"She did it. I heard her. She reached her arms out imploringly to him and then a sense of his utter helplessness to aid came over her, and she fainted, I think. Well, it made it easier for Brent; she was saved by his rope and he after her. Neither of them was hurt in the least by the fire."

Uncle Philip's voice ceased for a long time. I think he had forgotten me altogether. I did not like to interrupt him, so I waited and looked at the portrait of beautiful Sally Powell. Presently he went on:

"If you were talking with Mrs. Brent, she would tell you how her husband saved her 'poor, foolish, little self.' I have heard her tell it many a time, with warm tears of sorrowful remembrance in those great eyes of hers, and of how that terrible night was too much for him, already old



and enfeebled, so that another month saw him in his grave.

"But I could tell it better than she, for I think I saw the last of the real Thomas Brent. He sent for me, one day, about his will—I was always his lawyer—and I took his instructions. His wife was to have his whole estate and Dabney Brent was made executor. He lay there in the house his neighbor had opened to him, his cheek propped upon his hand, looking out at the prospect of his old home—four blackened walls.

"I am the first Brent to have no son of my own to come after me," he said, musingly, 'it used to be a sorrow to me, but it makes it easier to provide for my wife now. She can rebuild the old house, in time, and may have many years there. It often happens,' he added, wistfully, 'that the later years are the happier; they sometimes make up for the first half of life—strike a balance as it were.'

"He was not talking to me; he was watching the last of the sun's rays on the river and the tops of his great trees as a little evening breeze stirred them.

"I confess to some jealousy in my love for him. I said: 'Is this arrangement to stand in any case, Governor? Have you thought—she is still a young woman, as you say—would you wish the old place, in any contingency?'

"I did not know how to say it, but he understood.

"You mean, in case she should marry, West? In that event especially; it is only a young girl who can be content with dependence in her marriage, nor could I contemplate it for her."

"He looked up at me.

"You are surprised that I should speak in this way? You see, West, I

must think of many things for my wife to which she could never give a thought for herself—God bless her in whatever she does. West, it's a risky thing—taking a woman's whole happiness into one's hands; I think we may be glad that Heaven finds its own way of righting our mistakes. At any rate," he added, gravely, 'I mean to make none, now, in regard to my wife's future.' He lay back in his chair; he looked old, white, weary; but I thought to myself that no woman ever had a more perfect lover; and my heart ached for him.

"A smile came into his eyes and he laid his hand on mine. 'I know what you are wishing for me, my friend,' he said, 'but, believe me, living is like everything else—it is a mistake to carry it too far.'

"You are tired, Governor, I said, let me go away, then, and come again to-morrow, and he answered me:

"Good-bye. I shall want you to-morrow and every day. As you go out, Philip, tell my wife I'm alone, won't you?" A tender smile touched his lips as he added:

"I can't spare her long away from me in these days."

Uncle Philip gathered up the photographs. "I don't know why I keep this—it may as well go," he said, and Dabney Brent's likeness was tossed into the fire. Mrs. Brent's was about to follow, but he paused for a long look at the beautiful face.

"Lord!" he said, musingly, "how we all worshipped lively Sally Powell! Those were days—those were days!" and the card was absently laid beside Thomas Brent's again.

"And so she married Dabney, Uncle Philip?"

"And so she married Dabney. I told you there was no story," finished my Uncle Philip. E. L.



## CUBA

By M. C. S.

All that is left to Spain in the world opened up by her enterprise and liberality is the island of Cuba, and for how long it will be a Spanish colony only the Omniscient can say. Wherever the Spaniard has penetrated he has taken with him the vices of cruelty and greed; oppression and avarice have marked every step of his career in this and in every other acquired possession, and so it is that the red and yellow flag of Spain seems a banner of blood and gold.

The value that Spain sets upon this little island is easily seen on arriving in the harbor of Havana. The bay is the shape of the outspread hand with the entrance corresponding to the wrist. Here on one side is the fortress of Morro Castle, with its tall sentinel lighthouse standing guard over the narrow entrance of the harbor and its Dahlgren guns peeping out between the yellow stone of which it is built. On the opposite shore is the battery

of La Punta, and back of Morro is the prison fortress of Cabanas crowning the low hill and capable of holding five thousand prisoners. An army of some forty thousand men is kept constantly in Cuba and seems out of all proportion to the size of the island, but the spirit of revolution is so all pervading that even in time of peace Spain guards the Pearl of the Antilles with more care than the most precious jewels in her crown. The soldiers are principally conscripts and are sent to Cuba at all seasons, regardless of sanitary precaution. When they arrive they look like a gang of ill-kept criminals, having, as a rule, neither hats nor shoes and their clothing hanging in tatters upon them. At the fortress a fatigue dress is supposed to await them and after due time they are provided with some sort of uniform, coarse shoes and straw hats. Upon the arrival of each new consignment of recruits, divisions of those already in

the garrison are sent to the inland forts and the new arrivals are put through a course of sprouts in the way of drills until they are in shape as soldiers. Climatic conditions are wholly disregarded, personal cleanliness is not considered necessary, and in consequence about twenty-five per cent. of these soldiers die within a twelve-month of their arrival.

The city of Havana itself is very motley in character and is a delightful variation from the general style of towns in the western world. It has quite a number of public buildings

There are numerous schools and institutes in Havana, but they barely exist. Nearly all the wealthy Cubans have for years been in the habit of sending their children to England, France and the United States to be educated. The men of the island are charming, fascinating, even, when they will—for an hour. It may be the effect of the sun, but their brains ferment. It seems impossible for them to see and reason justly. They are on the bias in all things, good as well as evil. A young man who would wager that he would light his cigarette at a



*Morro Castle*

and antique and venerable churches. None of these are architecturally remarkable and are entirely subordinate to the Cabanas fortress which occupies the entire foreground of the picture as one arrives from the sea. A few palms, which catch the eye here and there, give an Oriental aspect to the landscape and are in perfect harmony with the brightness of the sunshine. This would be intolerable in the city but for the habit of the natives of coloring their houses blue, green, yellow or other tint, so as to tone down the glare and make the light bearable to the eyes.

candle on the high altar during mass and who would win his bet would know how to die on the battle field like a Greek hero. A trifle occurs, they curse; a catastrophe and they smile. Mirage, a perpetual mirage! Yet for all that remarkable intelligence and a wonderful gift of assimilation enabling them to learn everything, to know everything and what is still better to digest everything.

As for the women, their beauty is proverbial. A walk along the street in the evening gives one the best idea of them and of their customs. Their faces are pale but lighted up by the

*Calle del Prado*

jet-like sparkle of large black eyes. As they sit at the windows in the evening, the men who pass stop on the narrow sidewalk that skirts the houses, and talk.

"Ave Maria purisseina," says one; and the woman replies with a smile. "Your eyes shine like the lights of Morro," says one to a young girl with red braids. The young lady pays no attention. "Your eyes are brighter than the brightest star," he ventures with better success. Then, twenty paces further on another dialogue: "God keep you, *senorita*, you are fairer than the Virgin of Covadonga." The compliment pleases the young lady. The gentleman bends towards her and continues: "Who are you, *senorita*?" "So and so, daughter of such a one." "May God bless the mother that gave you light!" "And yao, sir, who are you?" "Senor Caballero X," then follows an incredible number of names. Harmless flirtations, in which the compliments are uttered with all the serene ease of the Spanish tongue.

But what morals!

What are the Cuban women? O make no mistake on that score—these flirtations go no further. The women

of Cuba, and of the best and richest families, find this homage of the casual passer-by quite natural.

Close at hand in a by-street one may find the low and narrow shop of a woman of the people. In the niche above the door the Virgin of the Pilar, on the steps the owner with her two daughters; all three wear red skirts and waists of black velvet, embroidered with beads. In their hair, in the folds of their mantillas, on their breasts shine *cucullos*, great glistening worms which are found in the grass and which shine with the brilliancy of diamonds. Some men pass and stop for compliments, others arrive and then begin singing and dancing, and when that is over each one goes home with no favors exchanged, not even a pressure of the hand.

The beauty of Cuban women is classic. The poets—and in Cuba all men are poets—pass their time seeking the rarest and most exquisite terms in which to praise their beauty. I saw an album where all the friends of a family celebrate the arrival of a baby girl, *Ada-Coelia del Rosario*. "How beautiful you are, *Ada*, how delicious! You are pink and white because formed of the petals of a rose."

Another reads: "Your name, Ada, is the sweet perfume of a jasmine opening its chalice amid the lava of Vesuvius." That is signed, Ricardo del Monte, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of Cuba's living poets.

At ten years the girls are developed, and are very amusing with their grown-up manners, flirting with their dolls in the absence of beaux. They are taught, sometimes, to read, to write, to cipher, but always to please. To please, to please, always, and despite everything, that is their final aim; even maternity, frequent as it is with them, is but an incident. The type is the Spanish type, but refined and softened. They are small and fat, the oval of the face remarkably pure, black-haired or red, with very large eyes, and hands and feet of extraordinary smallness. Centuries of doing nothing in hammocks have insensibly reduced to their most simple expression these indispensable adjuncts to our active and laborious lives. And as an irony modestly forbids that the feet should be seen. One may see and admire the hands, thanks to the fan which they handle with wonderful dexterity. A European thinks that fans were made to give air; there could be no greater error. The fan is a telegraphic instrument capable of transmitting the most complicated and most complete messages. Intercourse with Cuban women is very pleasant, if one is content to eliminate the intellectual element. They are birds that warble, flowers that give perfume, their mind is in the light of their eyes.

It is a compliment to say the sidewalks of Havana. The streets are not wide enough to allow of a raised footway and so the people are content with a single narrow line of flagstones running along beside the houses. Only the men use these, for, with the exception of foreigners, or members of the lower classes, no woman of respectability is ever seen afoot in Havana. The women are rarely out of doors, save for a drive in the evening or a

promenade in the park at the same hour. The heat of the climate renders an indoor life absolutely necessary and the houses are constructed in the manner most suitable to the climatic conditions. They are generally but one story high, sometimes two, constructed of a porous stone, quite soft when quarried, but becoming like adamant when exposed to the air. They are quadrangular, with a courtyard in the centre, plants and shrubs surrounding a fountain, and the whole as fair as it can be made. There is generally but one entrance, used alike by the ladies, their visitors, the animals and the servants, and all the various members of the family live in rooms around the courtyard, separated one from another by nothing but a curtain, which, however, is quite sufficient, as no one would think of raising a curtain without first asking leave. The children and animals are an exception to this rule; chickens and naked boys and girls entering without ceremony on all occasions.

A drive down the Calle del Prado to the square of Isabella is a necessity of a visit to Havana. It is like a street in any provincial town, beneath an azure sky, the red sea bounding the horizon and tropical vegetation everywhere. In the evening a military band plays operatic music in the square, and the whole city is there walking up and down, the women bare headed, save for a few ultra-fashionables who wear hats imported from Paris. There are no demi-mondaines in Havana, and in the park everyone seems to know everyone else. They greet each other, exchange compliments and calumnies in the style of other worlds. For the rest of the town one sees narrow, tortuous streets, covered with filth, house gaily tilted to right and left, the blinds held together by the rope that holds the washing, and this washing, in tatters or patched with red and blue and green. In a corner, around a guitar player, or a fruit vender, at the door of a barber shop, a group of idlers amuse them-



selves. But at a glance the stranger is frightened. It is murder, they are fighting, call help! Not at all, they are probably speaking of the weather; it is the habit of gesticulating, nothing worse. This is the old town.

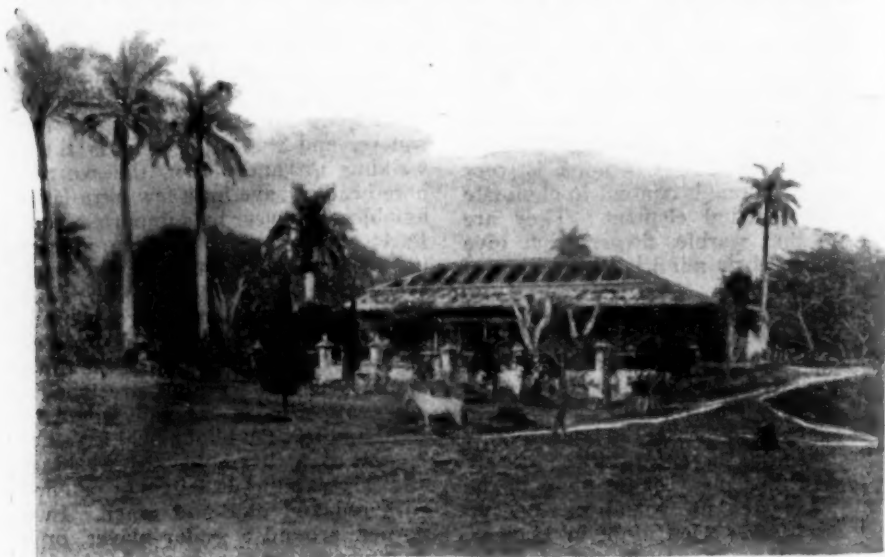
The new town, outside the walls, as they say, is beautiful, rich, cold. It is the ordinary modern city, but the houses are of only one story, with large windows, that light and air may enter freely. A few glimpses of pretty women, of gentlemen, too, bejeweled; of shops like those of Paris, of churches, parks and squares, that is all.

One of the most interesting sights in Havana is the fish market, called the Marti Market. It owes its name to its founder, one Marti, a famous brigand and smuggler. The foundation of the market happened in this wise. A Governor named Tacon was sent to the Island of Cuba and found it in an extremely lax condition. The Spanish vessels, with their officers and men, sent thither to enforce the laws, lay idly in the harbor, the authorities seeking amusement on shore or giv-

ing entertainments on their ships. Meanwhile Marti established himself on the Isle of Pines, some forty miles south of Cuba, led a band of desperate men and carried on a brisk business in smuggling. As the duty on flour was ten dollars a barrel, he found that with this one article alone he could make a pretty fair living.

To capture this man and suppress smuggling was evidently the first step to be taken toward the maintenance of the law and the filling of the sadly depleted national treasury.

This was more easily planned than executed. The entertainments on the gunboats ceased, the vessels plied vigorously up and down the coast, but still the smuggling continued. The governor placed a price on Marti's head and offered a free pardon to any smuggler who would desert his camp and act as pilot to the vessels of the government. Still there was no success. The fate of any traitor would surely have been death, besides which Marti had the gift of attaching men to himself personally. He was a tall, dark man, of mixed black and white de-



*An Hacienda*

scent; his physical strength was great and his courage immeasurable. In addition he had more than the average share of brains, which had been sharpened to their utmost in the task of outwitting his enemies. He had a wonderful capacity for masquerading, and could assume any disguise at will, thus penetrating into the enemy's camp and obtaining the most accurate and minute information as to his plans.

hind him. The official was alone, seated at a table writing, and the stranger, removing cloak and hat, stood quietly before him. With a glance of anger and surprise the governor asked:

"Who enters here unannounced at this hour?"

"One who has important information to impart to the government," was the answer.



*Chapel commemorative of Columbus*

When several months had passed and no one had taken advantage of the governor's offer of reward the little incident occurred which led to the founding of the city fish market. On a certain dark, cloudy night a muffled figure stole up to the gate of the governor's palace. Two sentries paced up and down before it, crossing each other in their beat, so that for an instant the eyes of both were turned away from the gate; seizing this instant the muffled figure sprang through the entrance into the palace garden. Another sentry stood at the door. With a military salute the unknown passed the man, who mistook him for one of the officers, and did not oppose his entrance. The stranger entered the governor's room and closed the door be-

"But why seek this manner of audience?"

"For reasons, Excellency, that will soon appear."

"How did you pass the guard unchallenged?"

"Do not mind that for the present, Excellency."

"But I do mind it very seriously."

"It can be explained by and by."

"Very well, speak quickly, then. What is your business here?"

"Excellency, you have publicly offered a handsome reward for any information concerning the contrabandists; is it not so?"

"Ha!" said the Governor, "is that your errand here? What have you to say about those outlaws? Speak, speak quickly."

"Excellency, I must do so with caution, otherwise I may condemn myself by what I have to communicate."

"Not so," interrupted Tacon, "the offer—"

"I know, Excellency, a free pardon is offered to him who shall turn State's evidence, but there may be circumstances—"

"The offer is unconditional as it regards pardon."

"True, but—"

"I say you have naught to fear," continued Tacon; "the offered reward involves unconditional pardon to the informant."

"You offer an additional reward, Excellency, for the discovery of the leader of the contrabandists, Captain Marti."

"Aye."

"It is a full revelation I have come hither to make."

"Speak, then."

"First, Excellency, will you give me your knightly word that you will grant a free pardon to me, a personal pardon, if I reveal all that you require?"

"I pledge you my word of honor."

"No matter how heinous in the eyes of the law my offenses may have been, still you will pardon me under the King's seal?"

"Why all this reiteration?" asked Tacon impatiently.

"Excellency, it is necessary."

"I will do so if you reveal truly and to any good purpose," answered the Governor, weighing carefully in his mind the purposes of all this precaution.

"Even if I were a leader among these men?"

The Governor hesitated for an instant, then:

"Even then, be you whom you may, if you are able and willing to pilot our ships and reveal the rendezvous of Marti and his followers, you shall be rewarded and pardoned according to the published card."

"Excellency, I think that I know

your character well enough to fully trust these words, else I should not have ventured here."

"Speak, then, and without further delay. My time is precious."

"It is well. I will speak without further parley. The man for whom you have offered the largest reward—aye, dead or alive—is before you!"

"And you are—"

"Captain Marti!"

The Governor started. He had thought the man some officer very near Marti's person. Such was the outlaw's reputation that Tacon instinctively glanced at a brace of pistols that lay before him on the table. The outlaw saw the glance, and taking his own pistols from his belt handed them to the Governor.

"I have no further use for them; in future, diplomacy not fighting."

"That is well," said the Governor, adding, after a moment's thought, "I shall keep my promise, be assured of that, provided you faithfully perform your part, notwithstanding the fact that the law demands your immediate punishment. But for good reasons, as well as to secure your faithfulness, you must remain under guard."

"I have anticipated that and am prepared," was the reply.

"We understand each other." So saying, the Governor rang a silver bell, and upon the arrival of the officer of the watch Marti was placed in confinement and made as comfortable as possible.

On the morrow it was learned that the three sentinels had been placed in the chain gang for a month.

Next day Marti was transferred to one of the light draught government boats and began his task of piloting it through the shoals to the various haunts of the smugglers. One after another was visited, but in every case the smugglers had in some manner been forewarned and had disappeared. The result was just as good, however, for with their places of rendezvous known the smuggling trade was pretty well broken up.

Marti returned with the ship and was summoned to Tacon's presence.

"As you have faithfully performed your part of our agreement," said he, "I am prepared to fulfill mine. In this package you will find a free and unconditional pardon for all your past offenses against the law. Mark the words, past offenses," repeated the Governor. "Any new disloyalty on your part shall be as promptly and rigorously treated as though these late services had never been rendered.

"The pardon, Excellency, I gladly receive. As to the sum of money you propose to give me, let me make a proposal. The Treasury is poor. I am rich. Retain the money, and in place of it guarantee me alone the right to fish on the coast of Cuba, and declare the business of supplying the people with fish contraband, except to me and my agents. This will amply compensate me and I will erect a public market at my own expense, which shall be an ornament to the city, and



*Governor's Palace*

And here is an order upon the Treasury for the sum—"

"Excellency, excuse me," said Marti, stepping back, and with a gesture declining the reward.

"What does this mean?" asked Tacon.

"Permit me to explain, Excellency."

"What, more conditions?" asked the Governor.

which at the expiration of twenty-five years shall revert to the government."

The proposition was so extraordinary that the Governor took a day to consider it. He shrewdly guessed that Marti would employ his old comrades as fishermen, and that thus there would be a double advantage; first, in the security that with a sure and honest means of livelihood they would

*The Cathedral*

become law-abiding men, and, secondly, that in case of any lurking fondness for the old life he would have them under his eye and hand and their families as hostages. So he granted Marti the privileges asked, and the result is that Havana possesses one of the best and handsomest markets in the world. When Marti became still richer he obtained from Tacon a monopoly in theatricals, building a magnificent theatre and calling it after his patron. Thus Havana owes two of her most distinctive features to a common outlaw.

The history of Cuba is the history of all the Spanish colonies of South America—a yoke of iron, political and fiscal, and incessant attempts to break that yoke.

In 1823 there was a revolt at the instigation of Bolivar "the liberator"; it failed. In 1828 another revolt, led by Sanchez and Velasco; both leaders were shot. In 1828 another revolt; a failure. In 1847 Lopez, a Venezuelan, who had served in the Spanish army and risen to the rank of major-gen-

eral, started a revolution in the interior. He was unsuccessful, and escaped to the United States. In 1850 he made another unsuccessful attempt. In 1851 he tried again; his men—to the last one—were captured and executed and he himself was shot.

In 1865 occurred the outbreak of the first serious revolt, the ten years' war. The treasurer of the rebels absconded with the money and there was not a cent with which to buy arms. "Never mind," said the leader, Cespedes, "we will use our enemies' arms. Come, let us take them." One of his generals, Varona, was captured and offered his life if he would go over to the Spanish side. "No," he replied, "my life is nothing, my country and my happiness everything." The city of Bayamos was captured and all its defenders shot; the women and children, praying in the public square, were shot as they knelt, except about a dozen who escaped. With only a hundred and fifty men left and no ammunition Cespedes determined to get through the enemy's lines himself, go



to Jamaica and return with a ship load of ammunition. A negro betrayed him to the Spaniards, his camp was surprised, himself mortally wounded. He used his last cartridge on himself, but before he could die the Spaniards would be upon him, so, dragging himself to the edge of a precipice he gave one cry, "Vive Cuba libre," and threw himself into the abyss. He was dashed to pieces, and the Spanish soldiery could do no more than insult the remains.

General Campos offered terms to the insurgents and peace was concluded in 1878. The losses of the rebels could not be ascertained, but the records in the War Office at Madrid show the deaths in the regular army to have been 81,088 in ten years; eight and one-half per cent. of the army died in battle or from wounds, and nine and one-half per cent. from disease.

The present war needs no mention, as its best chronicle is the press from day.

One cannot marvel at the fondness of the Cubans for their country, for be-

sides being one of the richest in the world it is also one of the most fertile. Mignonette grows into a graceful tree some twenty feet in height, the Star of Bethlehem reaches to fifteen feet, the yellow jasmine is in its glory and the rose is as common there as the dandelion is with us. The forests are full of precious woods, acacia, ebony, and palms, shielding the rich flora that grows all about them.

The life at the haciendas is as near to doing nothing as possible. During the harvest time the blacks are employed, housed and clothed; this season over they flee to the savannas, where game abounds and there is no master, no official to force them into the observance of a hated conventionality. They are now no longer slaves, and although they do not love the whites there is none of the feeling which caused the horrors of the negro rebellions in Hayti and San Domingo. As laborers they are a valued part of the population, and through miscegenation they may yet become important factors in the future career of Cuba.

#### SECOND ARTICLE OF SERIES

## HISTORY OF COSTUME

### MEDIEVAL COSTUME

By LOUISE BOTH-HENDRIKSEN

Alexander found Greece losing her old ideals of simplicity, naturalness and vigor; his conquests taught her luxury; his death left her defenceless.

The new power of Rome, born in a rude cradle, was pressing onward to imperial dominion. Nation after nation fell under her sway. Costume felt the influence, no less than art or literature.

The early Roman dress was probably allied to the Etruscan; that, in

its turn, somewhat resembled the Greek. Both sexes wore tunics and mantles. The woman wore over her fine, short chiton, or tunic, another lengthened one, called a stola. Outdoors she draped herself in early ages with the toga, later with the palla; covered her head with a veil, and wore shoes whose style and color often declared her rank and station.

Men also wore under tunics; but the distinguishing garment of the



Figure 1.

Roman citizen was the toga. Slaves and foreigners were forbidden to wear it. Within the city it ruled supreme. It was only a plain, very long, rectangular piece of cloth, but draped with consummate skill in a countless variety of stately folds. White was the color for aspirants to office, and from the Latin word *candidus* (white) we still have our modern term candidates. We wonder whether the white-robed claimants for civic honors in classic times were better or worse than our black-coated politicians.

The resemblance between Greek and Roman male costume may be seen by comparing figure 1, representing a Greek wearing only the himation, with figure 2, the Emperor Julian, wearing tunic and toga.

Great was the variety of Roman foot-gear; and, as to head-gear, when Roman power passed into luxury, women revelled in fantastic ways of dressing their hair.

The conquered nations adopted and modified their fashions. Gallic women, already famed for their cleanliness, soon rivalled the dames of Rome in flowing, embroidered garments, dainty veils, rich belts and jewels. Even the Germans laid aside their coverings of skins and rough cloth.

After the fall of Rome, the Byzantine empire developed in the east of Europe its rich but severe style; while in the west a fusion of costume was gradually effected. Classic raiment was adapted to the changing needs of newer civilization; yet drapery held its own. By the time of Charlemagne the stola had become a long gown, reaching to the feet, adorned with bands of embroidery, held to the body by a jewelled belt. Under this were worn two tunics, one with long, the other with short sleeves. The hair was braided with ribbons, or strings of beads, or golden chains. Over the head was worn a veil which fell almost to the ground; shoes, with no heels, but reaching to the ankle and laced in front, were commonly used. Our knowledge is gained partly from occasional descriptions of historical persons by chroniclers of the times, but largely from close study of illuminated manuscripts, statues and effigies on tombs.

By the eleventh century costume had become richer and heavier. The *bliand* took the place of the stola. It came down to the feet, was shaped loosely to the bust, and had deep folds laid in the sides, below the waist. It had long, or short sleeves, and passed through as many variations in style as a modern bodice; but it lasted for some hundred years. Over it was worn, in travelling, the *garde-corps*, a loose wrap, with sleeves; or, in the state ceremonies, a mantle clasped on the shoulders with brooches, or draped to suit the wearer's fancy.

The name *garde-corps* was afterwards given to a sort of *plastron* of fur, or other material, worn over the chest for protection.

The statue of Eleanor of Aquitaine,

wife of Henry II. of England, at Fontevault, shown in figure 3, gives a very graceful arrangement of bliaud and mantle.

The surcotte was a short, upper garment, reaching below the hips, and slashed under the arms to allow the bliaud to be seen. Skirts began to be worn; when attached to the surcotte they were known as cotte hardie, and later came in favor.

Let us not neglect the sterner sex. Many changes had taken place in their costume. Look at figure 4. St. Martin, dividing his cloak with the poor beggar. The simple garb of the beg-

gar will hold its own for centuries; and, by the by, is suggestive of our modern blanket-wrap, whose very name breathes comfort. The rough cloth of the beggar's garment would, however, irritate your nineteenth century sensitiveness. St. Martin is in the dress of a Roman officer. The struggles with barbarians, the supremacy of the Byzantine empire after the fall of Rome, the influence of the East during the Crusades, all weave their many-colored and many-shaped changes, until in the St. George, pictured in figure 5, we see the blending of flexible mail armor, supple leather and rich fabric into a costume both rich and manly in effect.

Wars were perennial; homes were strongholds; any day the cry "To



Figure 2.



Figure 3.

arms!" might be heard. Garments fitting closely to the figure, leaving free play to every movement while protecting the body, grew more and more into favor. The ladies' surcotte was adopted by men, and modified into jerkins of various fashions, plain or fanciful. On state occasions long, sweeping mantles were worn over these garments, as we see in figure 6, where the lord wearing a cloak open at the side is conversing with a jester.



Figure 4.

The jester's pointed hood has survived through centuries, somewhat shorn of its dimensions, and is now the property of the clown. Jesters, or "fools," as they were often called, filled a higher function then, than now. Their motley garb and cap and bells gave them liberty to say many a trenchant truth. It was well said of one of their laughing company, no less a person than Touchstone in "As You Like It," that "he uses his folly like a stalking horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit." But, from the fascinations of Shakespeare's fools we must turn back to the changes of fashion. Materials for dress increased in number, variety, beauty of color and excellence of manufacture.

Leather was dressed, dyed and embroidered, being much in use. Woollen cloths were woven, from rough fustian to camlan and pers. Cendal and Samite silks, velvets, cloth of silver and of gold vied with each other. The use of linen was revived; dainty tissues from the East were imitated in western Europe. Dyers became skilled, not only in giving beautiful hues to good fabrics, but in disguising the material, so the saying sprang up, "he lies like a dyer."

The fashion of pointed shoes became the rage, as it has been, lately, with us. However, the mediæval pointed shoes, called "a la poulaine," exceeded ours in exaggeration; the points curled upward, sometimes so much that, on account of their length,



Figure 5.

it was necessary to fasten them by loops to the knee.

As to head gear, women surpassed men. The veil of early ages had been followed by hoods and coifs. In the latter part of the twelfth century these became higher; and in the thirteenth century developed into the hennin and the escoffion. The ladies in figure 7 wear the hennin. It was a cone-like structure, the rim encircled the head, partly covering the forehead; from the point hung a delicate, flowing veil that could be drawn around the face, or softened the outlines of the neck. When very long or consisting of two points, it was called grand hennin.

The escoffion, at first only a padded beretta, increased in dimensions and became heart-shaped. It was covered with a net which was often jewelled. These "couvre-chefs," to use the generic name, were often heavy, and we do not wonder that Chaucer, speaking of the Wife of Bath, says:

"Her couvre-chefs weren full fine of grund,  
I durste swear they weigheden ten pound,  
That on a Sunday were upon her head."

Indeed, Chaucer's descriptions of the pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales" give capital pictures of dress in almost every rank of life from the Knight of the Plowman.

Peasants wore simpler raiment; but, in cities, the burghers and their wives strove to imitate the fashions of the upper classes. As commerce had greatly increased, burghers were sometimes richer than their lords. Sumptuary laws were passed with doubtful success.

An attempt to give details would bewilder you, for they are legion. The surcotte became a long gown; the heraldic devices of families were embroidered on robes with trains so long that several pages were needed to bear the glittering splendor. Gloves, fans, shoes, girdles, aumonieres or bags worn from the waist; jewels, fans,

each and all were shuttlecocks tossed back and forth by the battledore of fashion.

The hennins, however, lasted more than a hundred and fifty years, in spite of ridicule and opposition. The denunciation of modern high theatre hats is nothing compared to the war upon the hennins. In 1428 a monk, Thomas Connecte, preached against them; he was followed by others, to no avail. At last, quietly they disappeared in the early part of the sixteenth century.

They were in fashion at the same time that the ogival, pointed architecture we call Gothic, rose and reigned. There is certainly a subtle resemblance between the pointed arches, high-pitched roofs and pointed spires, and the stately, towering hennins. Did women unconsciously reflect the influence of their surroundings?

It is a difficult question. So much

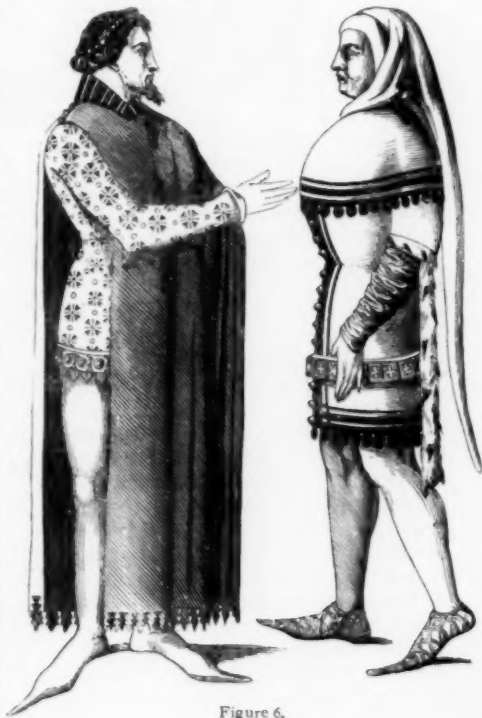


Figure 6.





Figure 7.

is certain: acquaintance with Italian manners and architecture, brought about by the wars of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. of France, was followed by the downfall of the high head-dresses. The Italians had never favored the hennin; their architecture had already merged into the Renaissance.

We are on the verge of a change that will modify dress radically. Flowing drapery will be superseded by the corset and the hoop. During the wars of the Roses in England; during the many wars that rent Europe in the transition period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, costume reflected the varying moods and places.

The meeting of the Countess of Auvergne with Talbot represented in frontispiece is well known to readers

of Shakespeare's Henry VI.; and the little princes in the Tower clinging to each other in voiceless despair, represent dramatically phases of the contest.

One picture is painted by Orchardson, an English artist, the other by Delaroche, a Frenchman. They offer you scenes in the drama that were transacted when Europe passed from the Mediæval into the Modern through the Renaissance.

Somewhat is lost, somewhat gained. "History repeats itself," we say; and we shall see it no less true that costume repeats itself. In our own day, it is interesting to discover how many so-called new styles are but revivals and adaptations of fashions followed as eagerly by our ancestors as by ourselves.



## THE OLD MAIDS' CORNER.

Edited by CANDACE A. YENDES.

QUOTATION: "As evening twilight steals away,  
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

MOTTO: "Better late than never."

PROVERB: "He who will have none but a perfect horse must often go on foot."

GREETING: "The Old Maids' Corner!" I like it all but the "Corner!" Why not call it The Old Maids' Parade? The Old Maids' Auction Room? The Old Maids' Funeral? (for I expect that many an O. M. will here die a natural death and here find the mate for which she has thus far lived in vain).

Somebody please suggest something more appropriate than "The Old Maids' Corner," for I don't believe that it will be a corner long—as witness the bright answers to our requests for discussion of the situation already in.

One thing we will do, we shall try to make this the most hospitable place in the HOME MAGAZINE, as the real O. Ms. have often made their room the most hospitable one in the real home; the one to which anyone may come for comfort, consolation, wit, wisdom and cheer—done up in large packages or small, at prices to suit purchasers.

And the plans for comfort will not all be negative, for we mean to do some aggressive work in the way of beautifying not only our corner but the entire home.

After this discussion of existing conditions, and the reasons for it, we propose to ask some of the dear Old Maids who will not consent to the newer but less feminine term, "Bachelor Girls," just what qualities in a husband they mean to insist upon, and perhaps we shall ask some of our masculine friends to enumerate some of the characteristics they will seek in the coming "She," or the she who is already here, and has been since the days of Eden.

Then we shall be quite likely to ask the fathers and mothers what steps they are taking to produce just the ideal man for the ideal woman, and vice versa.

Oh, this is going to be "the" corner if it must be a corner, and we shall plan all sorts of readable entertainment and instruction.

Now come with your suggestions as to name, office, and perquisites for this "Corner."

## THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS" SPEAKS TO THE QUESTION

"Why am I 'left over?'"

Well, I'm not to blame. It's not my fault, but that of the doctrine of election. I should most certainly have voted the other way, and I'm more than half inclined to do so yet. I am sure that nothing would make me happier than to bestow the companionship of my auburn wig, my glass eye, and my china teeth, upon some "poor wayfaring man of grief," and intoxicate him with the happiness of paying my millinery bills for the rest of his life—if he survived to pay even one!

Like Malvolio, I believe that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them"; and so it may be with Old Maids, of whom I am chief. I must have been born so, for it has not been thrust upon me; and I notify you, right here and now, that I shall take the very first opportunity that offers itself to better my most unfortunate and unhappy condition. No man shall have it to say of me that I went willingly to a grave which did not have the legend "Mrs." on it; for I will never say "No" to an offer of marriage.

"While there's life there's hope," and the late poet laureate tells us, in "Locksley Hall," that "In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," so I do not altogether lose heart. I don't really want to go out in the woods to pray, like my despairing friend for "Anybody, Lord," who has so long been before the public as the typical old maid; but something will have to be done soon! Point Desperation is just ahead in my lonely, lonely voyage.

Then, too, there is so much dignity attendant upon the position of the

married woman (even when engaged in the performance of the most menial drudgery for the benefit of her liege lord and master!) that I'm disgusted with the cry of the newer women who prefer earning their own money, and spending their independent incomes without let or hindrance, rather than live with a great big lovely man, even if sometimes he's neither "great" nor "lovely." How can they be so silly?

What, live alone, and have no one to find fault with my dinners, when that's half the reason for having dinners? No one to remind me that I promised to love, honor and obey, and that I'd better be about it? No one to tell me how nice Miss So-and-So is, and the way his mother used to do? Never! Never, except as a dire necessity. It isn't right to expect me to, and I shall not willingly consent to so ignominious a fate.

And now, Mr. Man, having laid bare the throbbings of my one-time heart (now a mere ossification) I ask a return of my frank courtesy, and that you reciprocate the pleasure you have found in witnessing the pulsations of my combined auricles and ventricles, by telling your readers how you came to be a Benedict. Was it a boyish folly? A piece of masculine presumption? The result of propinquity? Did you get (as so many men weakly express their defense) "roped in" to your matrimonial bonds? Or was it,



as we all believe, and are glad to, every time that the wedding bells ring out the old, sweet tune, "upon the listening air," that it is a case of true love, and that two hearts have learned to beat as one?

Let the married men now stand up and be counted, as their less fortunate sisters have done; and, Mr. Publisher, please ask that they observe the same degree of truth in affording enlightenment to your readers which you have

exactd of the sisterhood to which I so unwillingly belong and from which I hope some time in the near future to receive my diploma—I might call it, in the college vernacular, a "sheepskin," except that I'm bound by solemn vow to be truthful this time (for variety), and there's nothing sheepish about it!

Who among you all will do as we have done, and come out with your Why I am a married man?

#### HOW CAME I TO BE "LEFT OVER"?

Well, I never seriously set myself to think about it until asked to contribute my item to this unique department. In the first place, the constant demands upon my time and energies, ever since, in my early youth, my father went on into the other life and left me to comfort my widowed mother, have absorbed my thoughts with the "ever present" to the exclusion of the "might have been." And thus I have indulged the pleasing fancy, that I was a necessity, not a superfluity—a "left-over."

Therefore, not without a struggle will I yield up my fancy, though to some it may seem a "mild delusion."

To be sure there are some "left-

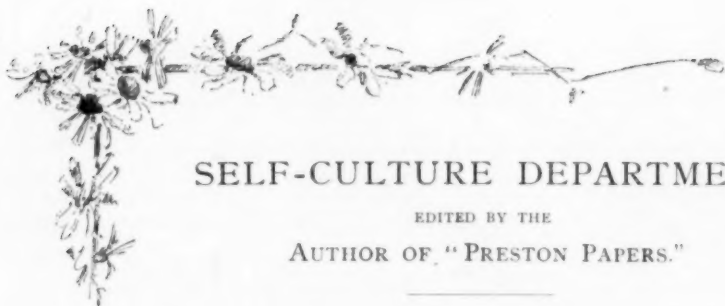
overs" that are very desirable; as the balance on the right side of the ledger which represents a goodly reserve fund in the bank to be drawn upon in times of need.

But this is my theory of the present state in which I find myself.

At the creation God saw that all things which He had made were "good," and that His last work of creation, woman, was "very good," therefore He has multiplied her number, but to prevent an over-population of the globe, some of the "men people" had to be left out, and I suppose that among them, was he who might have chosen me. Hence I am not "left over," but he was "left out."

MARY ALINE BROWN.





## SELF-CULTURE DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

MOTTO: It is never too late—nor too early—to begin.

PROVERB: We do not cook rice by talking about it.—*Chinese*.

QUOTATION: "The great law of culture is: Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resist all impediments; cast off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

### MIND CULTURE—II.

By Thought

"A head without a mind is a mere statue."—*Russian Proverb*.

We get no real culture from others, except as we make use of what is so offered us for personal use. As well expect to satisfy hunger by looking at the food which some one else has provided for us. Unless we reduce the spoken thought or printed page to our own mental capacity, and make it ours by appropriation and absorption, listening to the wisdom of others will do us little if any good, and reading be waste of time.

We can learn to measure every statement that comes from another's lips or pen, and see if (1) it is true; (2) if it is desirable for us; and, by selecting our mental food as we do our "daily bread" and butter, give our minds as good building material as we do our bodies.

Not everything that we read is worth keeping, and but little of what we hear has mental value; but if our mind is trained to an acute degree of selection, and we have found out how to appropriate the portions which we would make our own, we are at liberty in a large corner of the field of Self

Culture, and every day will bring us rich rewards for patient toil.

When a sponge is once full of water there is no room for more, even if the remaining liquid is of a more costly and desirable kind; and so, if we would not fill our minds with chaff, we must train our minds to winnow what we see, hear, feel, think, and after casting out all but the golden grain put that in our thought-hopper, to be reduced to the flour which we can easily assimilate. Here are a few suggestions in this line:

1. If listening to a debate, make a mental picture of a chart, having the points written upon it as soon as they are mentioned by the various speakers. Look out for the proof which they deduce, to substantiate their propositions, and do not take a "Some one has said" as final, but insist upon knowing just who has said it, and then see if the one mentioned is reliable authority. Ask such questions as these: How did he know? Where did he get his information? What was his source of knowledge? Sift every state-



ment, every proposition, and mark (mentally) the value of each, and then, no matter how the debate goes, so far as the nominal judges are concerned, you have become an actual judge of its value to you; and if you have gained in no other way, you have at least been able to measure the depth of the arguments.

2. In reading, use much the same method. Don't, because a newspaper, or book (or the author of "Preston Papers") says that a thing is so, accept it until you know something of the credibility of the writer; and even then remember that he may be mistaken and use your discretion about its infallibility.

3. Observe for yourself, and always remember that even the same species of plant and animal life differ in different localities, and under different circumstances.

4. Learn, above all, to discriminate and to think for yourself, always holding yourself open to conviction, but never allowing anybody to do your thinking for you. Do this, and gain a mental stature of your own, instead of hiding in the shadow of some one else's say so.

Read, listen, observe, think, write, if you would have real mind culture.

#### SPIRITUAL CULTURE—I.

##### Duty

Some of us forget that the various lines of duty are never really brought in conflict with each other except as we will it so. The lines all should be parallel, and straight at that, and are of three sources: duty to God, to ourselves and to others. Kept in their own limits each is supplementary to and in aid of the others; but if one is drawn too heavily it necessarily crosses the others, and they all suffer.

Sometimes we make duty of what we prefer, but this may be all wrong, although the converse never is. Indeed, I think that the very best way is to make a pleasure of every known duty—for we can; and instead of

standing up with a pale face and a trembling voice to "bear the cross" we shall be glad that we are so honored; then it is not a cross but a pleasure. Our trials will, in a measure, cease to be trials, having become sanctified; and we shall find the lines of life running smoothly that once were knotted, the pattern working out beautifully, and we getting more out of life because we are putting more into it.

##### As to Spiritual Progress

Don't imagine for an instant that you are losing ground even if you find yourself really enjoying some things outside of the prayer meeting, unless you at the same time lose all interest in that; then it is time to look out, and you should find out what is the matter; but an all around "healthy" Christian will find true pleasure also in home and its duties, its sacrifices, its pleasures; in the worlds of Art and of Letters; in social privileges and courtesies—and none of these are at all incompatible with Christian progress.

It is not necessary to be a recluse nor an ignoramus, in order to "enjoy religion," or, better yet, to enjoy Christianity, and Christian worship and society. At the same time, with some people it is vitally necessary that other things be subordinate to church work, or the church work does not get done at all. For such there should be no clash of duty—but they should not take upon themselves the cares of home and of family, if they intend or expect to put the church duty ahead of home cares. If the burdens have come without your consent, then surely you can rest in the faith that that is what is designed for you, and you are doing yourself, as well as your dear ones, a wrong to neglect any part of the home for sake of outside work of any kind—whether in the church or out of it.

And one other thing: We can note spiritual progress or its lack, by seeing just when and where we are now, as compared with some past

time, along certain lines: Are we as kind as then? As generous? Helpful? Charitable? Honest? Do we take as much interest in the best things of this life, or are the things of lower grade coming in to camp with us oftener than ever before—for that they will sometimes do this is almost a foregone conclusion.

In contemplation of this question, it is well to keep one eye on your health, while its opposite claims as its victims many who think that they are losing spiritual ground when a simple remedy for dyspepsia (or for something else of a physical nature) would show them to be in error, and that they were only paying the penalty for bodily sins, rather than for those of another kind.

Nor is prayer the only remedy for this condition, although it is one of the first helps to a better state; but it must be supplemented by deeds, of which no record is shown here, although the angel bookkeeper is entering them all in his ledger. "Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works," etc.

Now that does not seem to mean that the good works need to be talked about a great deal; but it presupposes their existence all the time. Do the good works, and they will speak for themselves.

#### ETHICAL CULTURE.—I.

##### "The Art of Being Kind"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says that we have creeds enough, but that we need more kindness—that that is all that the church now needs.

I am inclined to believe that there's as much truth as poetry in her message, and yet—I have found kindness in such unexpected quantities and places that I think the view does not go quite far enough in its tenet, and that what we really need is more social culture, a greater practice of the art (for it is an art, and one that can be cultivated) of expressing just what

we feel of kindness, of charity, of well-wishing.

I am confident that if we would stop to think, now and then, we should find it as easy and much pleasanter to say kind things than to say merely bright or sharp ones, and especially when the merely bright or sharp ones are going to hurt some one. "Oh, that's my way. I don't mean anything by it," is not only a poor excuse for rude or unkind words, but a confession of insincerity; and it has the further effect of grieving some one whom you might have just as easily pleased.

True, you cannot be a true friend, and not sometimes say things that wound, but it need not be habitual; and if your general manner is kind and helpful the necessary word of caution will be received in the same spirit of love that prompted it—if your friend is just; and if not, well, then you need not worry, for you have not only been truly kind but have perhaps undertaken to show the real kindness which underlies your feeling in a way that none but a true friend would risk.

However, it is of the every day things that I meant to write, rather than those rare cases which call for special treatment; the spoken "Good morning" and "Good night," the cheerful reply to questions, the little nameless acts of interest and the gentle word of approval of what some one has done, or of appreciation if it has been directed toward you, or has been in any measure helpful to you. All these are small courtesies—too small, some think, to be worthy the attention of a lofty mind; but they make just the difference between an agreeable person, and one of whom we are all more or less in dread, because of the little stinging things that are sure to be said or looked.

I remember a friend of my childhood, one too whom I loved for her many good qualities, but whose every kind comment was followed by a "but" that had a mean flavor to it.

until I came to look for that word just as regularly as I heard her begin to say anything graceful or kind of anyone.

## BODY CULTURE—II.

### Air—II. Ventilation

Many things hinder the perfect circulation of air in our homes, school-houses and churches; but perhaps that is not the very worst feature of the case, for there is a way to get good air in and the carbonic acid gas out, once the necessity is thoroughly felt—but too often there is great carelessness (not to call it by any harsher name) on the subject, and many of our really intelligent people go on breathing the same vitiated atmosphere over and over again, not for a moment thinking that they are thus sapping the very fountains of their lives and taking away their strength by a species of slow suicide—which isn't so very slow, either.

Among the first things that require special attention is the sleeping room. True, some will say: "Why, I should take cold if I had my window open at night; and, besides, I don't think the night air can be good for anyone."

Well, it may be that you would take cold, but if so the quicker you get right out into the "open" every day, and the oftener, the better; for the very fact that you cannot stand the evening air is of itself indicative that your lungs are already affected enough to be inconveniently sensitive; and the sooner you strengthen them by large doses of oxygen the sooner you will begin to prolong your life and to add to its pleasure.

As to the other argument, there can be no better reply to it than the now famous one made by Florence Nightingale, when some one made that statement in her presence: "What air would you expect to breathe at night?"

True, the blessed, blessed sunshine is infinitely better for anyone; but I'll leave it to your own judgment if the

cool, pure, air that is out of doors at night is not better than any that you can find imprisoned in our furnace-heated, air-tight houses, poisoned as it is by dust, by foul accumulations of gases, of dirt, ashes, disease germs, and the dozen other things that take away our vitality.

Next comes the matter of clothing. Many people who are otherwise careful, who go out of doors a great deal, and who are careful in general to observe the laws of health (for health has its laws; and they can no more be violated without risk of paying the penalty than can the civil and criminal laws of the land—perhaps not so safely) and who yet wear the same garments at night that they have worn—and perspired in—through the day, and then wonder that they are nervous, low-spirited, or even cross and weak. I should think they'd be all four!

The only wonder to me is that they have enough nervous force left for the necessary duties of the day. It is just as necessary to change the clothing at night as it is to put new food on the table for each meal; and nobody thinks of putting stale food before anyone. Fresh clothing carries with it one of the elements of sound slumber by night, new strength and vigor by day. And this, again, is one reason why the bedding should be thoroughly aired, every morning before they are made up (I ought to say every day, for no beds can get enough air in the forenoon, which have been slept in all night). The windows should be opened at once, as soon as the occupant is ready to leave the room, and the covering separated and spread out to air.

Plans for simple ventilation of houses that have been built without reference to the needs of the human family in this direction are abundant; but I have never tried one that is at once so simple, so easily accessible to everyone, and so effective as the following:

Have a piece of "inch" board, about

three or four inches wide, fitted to the lower end of each window, and place it under the lower sash. This makes a small aperture between the two parts of the window; and while the bad air is going out the fresh air is all the time pouring in at the same place, but not in a direct draft, so that there is no danger from that.

Perhaps I cannot do better than quote Professor J. Dorman Steele on this point, who says: "Consumption is a disease which destroys the substance of the lungs. Like other lung difficulties, it is caused largely by a want of pure air, a liberal supply of which is the best treatment that can be prescribed for it."

Dr. Marshall Hall says, with even less reserve: "If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night except in rainy weather or mid-winter; then I would sleep in an unplastered house. Physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you, monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, stimulants cannot cure you. What consumptives want is pure air, not physic; plenty of meat and plenty of bread."

#### Walking—I.

This is one form of physical development in which all may indulge without money and without price, and it should be practiced daily, to some extent, regardless of weather.

For people who are at all nervous (as what American woman is not? I know of but one—the writer, who was completely cured thereof, although inheriting it in a very bad form, and having allowed it to become a habit for twenty-five years, and held in check only by the use of physicians' remedies) there is nothing better, simpler, more natural, agreeable, and readily accessible than walking; and at least to many the questions of costume and economy will appeal with power.

#### Effects

Walking is not a panacea for all the

ills to which the human flesh is heir; but it causes a free circulation of blood in head and feet—relieving the one of congestion and headache, the other of the icy temperature which accompanies a poor circulation, and renders contact therewith so unpleasant and the cause of much domestic repartee (if not something worse)!

It freshens the skin, fills the lungs with nourishing oxygen, and supplies the little mental excitement which is necessary to mental pleasure—and mental activity! (This is not true, when the walking is done perfunctorily, or at a snail's pace.)

As walking calls for but a little expenditure of thought, it is well to have an agreeable companion to help heighten each of the above mentioned effects—though with an errand at the end, or pleasant thoughts within, the same effects will be discovered.

#### Don'ts

1. Don't overdo the matter at first trial and then cry out against it because it did not do for you all that was promised. Begin according to your capacity and increase amount and speed until the desired quantity and quality are taken easily—four miles an hour, daily. But begin, and persist.

2. Don't dress uncomfortably for a walk. Small shoes—or ill-fitting ones—and stiff or heavy clothing, will undo much of the benefit.

3. Don't come in from a brisk walk and take off wraps and sit in a room whose temperature is below 65 degrees, unless you abound in health and energy. It is well, often, to retain the wraps five or ten minutes, for obvious reasons.

4. Don't pound the ground or pavement, with your feet, in walking. The exercise, to be helpful, should only be as vigorous as is compatible with your general health; jerks and too much effort are fatiguing.

5. Don't walk without due regard to carriage. Remember yourself as the very best part of creation, and carry yourself accordingly.



6. Don't slouch nor shuffle when walking; but with firm, elastic, and gentle motions clear the ground briskly in short paces—they are less fatiguing than long steps.

7. Don't stoop, nor throw out the abdomen. Head erect, "chin close to neck" à la Dio Lewis, chest expanded, and breathing deeply through the nose, the lips remaining closed, except in conversation—and you will come home a new being.

8. Don't be afraid of swinging your arms a little bit occasionally. I know it is treason against the code of etiquette—but etiquette doesn't pay your doctor; and a little freedom in the upper arm is beneficial to chest and context.

9. Finally, don't let your head touch the pillow at night until after you have made your distance. Begin with a very small amount of walking at first, say a quarter of a mile if unaccustomed to it, and keep at it regularly until more is desired, for you'll want the dose increased—but must not do it too rapidly.

#### Hints.

Walk in the sun as much as possible, except when it is of such a height as to be enervating. Sunshine is invigorating.

An "easy" but sufficiently long walk, the last thing before retiring, will often produce sleep when all else has failed—but must not be followed by mental application, as: conversation, reading, writing, etc.; "the last thing before retiring" just expresses it.

Some headaches can be walked off, even when great effort has been made to get out at all, as in the case of those caused by indigestion, or nervousness. In either case the walk should be followed by a short nap in a dark, quiet, well ventilated room.

Colds can sometimes be cured by taking a walk of sufficient length and rapidity to induce free perspiration and bowel activity—if followed by a long rest, in bed, warmly covered, and

plenty of drink (hot or cold water or lemonade).

If going out on a windy day and your lips are sensitive, a little vaseline or mutton tallow or camphor ice, well rubbed in, will prevent chaps.

Bathing should not follow walking—nor a warm or hot bath precede it; but after a vigorous walk it is well, in the interests of beauty and cleanliness (Yes, "Cleanliness is beauty," Clara) to rub face, neck, arms, or the entire body, with a soft, warm towel.

#### HINTS ON EATING.

Eat more slowly, more fruit, less meat, and less pastry.

Change the diet often enough to feed all parts of the body, as few foods appeal to any great number of parts.

Eat more of the natural acids, and less vinegar. Try lemon juice as an appetizer during the spring months, in an equal quantity of water, if your stomach is too weak to bear it clear, and take it through a tube or straw, for sake of your teeth, the acid being destructive to their enamel.

Always go to the table in a good condition of mind and body, if you expect your food to do its office work.

Don't do much eating between meals, and if any becomes a necessity make it a test to try something perfectly plain.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS—II.

Be careful about the lamp or gas and its surroundings. Almost daily there are fires and other accidents, some of them resulting in great suffering, often in death—which a little care might have averted. Observe the following DON'TS in this regard:

1. Don't light a lamp or gas jet near an open window which has flowing drapery. The least stir of air may start a blaze which the entire Fire Department cannot put out in time to save all danger.

2. Don't keep a lamp on a table with the soft drapery which often attracts to death. Only last week a little baby near where I write was attracted



by the bright blaze of the lamp on the table at which he sat in his little high chair, and pulled the drapery toward him, to bring the lamp nearer, with true baby-instinct, and the lamp was overturned, broke, the oil taking fire—but I spare you the horrible details of what followed.

3. Don't put a lamp on any but a large table which is not easily tipped over, and for the same reason.

4. Put it up high enough so that baby cannot touch it—for more than likely you have not taught him implicit obedience yet, as you must, to insure safety.

5. Don't have papers near lamp or gas.

#### MOTHERS' COLUMN.

"An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."—*Spanish Proverb.*

#### The Tyranny of Childhood.

"Some children are born tyrants, some achieve tyranny, and some have tyranny thrust upon them by sheer force of circumstances," and Aunt Jane looked up, smiling over her gold-bowed glasses at the earnest face of Mrs. Lee, who had run in for one of Aunt Jane's morning talks.

"Well, I don't believe any of these conditions are either right or necessary," returned Mrs. Lee thoughtfully; "and the parents who, through carelessness, weakness, ignorance, or a combination of all three, allow this thing to become chronic are really themselves to blame."

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, "you know the old saw: 'Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.' It holds good here as elsewhere."

"How do you account for the 'born tyrants'? By heredity?" and Mrs. Lee took off her hat, as if determined to get the full benefit of the reply.

"Yes, although we may have to go back for several generations, to catch even a fleeting glimpse of the slightest trace of it on either side of the house, so deep are the mysteries surrounding human life and human characteristics," and Aunt Jane almost ca-

ressed the dainty little garments on which she was at work.

"Verily, the greatest study of mankind is man," said Mrs. Lee; "and yet I don't believe that even the hereditary tyrant is a hopeless case."

"Neither do I," responded Aunt Jane, with enthusiasm. "Much that is objectionable may be softened, directed, guided into safe and desirable channels. This is chiefly the mother's work, although help may be given by every other member of the family."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Lee, "the responsibilities of motherhood are so great that I am surprised to know how common it is."

"Yes, it is full of perilous possibilities, priceless privileges and measureless opportunities; and the question of heredity is one of grave consideration, although education will do much to eradicate its evils. Right principles must be taught; good seeds of kindness, humility, thought and care for others, not only sown, but watered and cultivated with tenderest vigilance, that it may come to glorious fruitage."

"Can little children be taught these things? How early would you begin teaching a child anything with which you intended to supplant inherited tendencies?"

"It can hardly begin too early, and certainly as soon as he can understand your looks, language and example. While the heart is yet tender and the mind both plastic and receptive, is the time for the best work. 'The twig is so easily bent' it is a pity that it should be either dwarfed or unshapely because of inherited defects or difficulties which have been let go as such until too late to undo their mighty evil."

"And you think that children should be taught to sacrifice for their parents, just as we teach them politeness?"

"Certainly. Any other course makes the children always the recipients of sacrifice and the parents, in a sense, slaves to childish tyranny, always loving slaves, but lacking the wisdom that should insure freedom from the gyves that bind."

"I have seen that very thing," said Mrs. Lee. "I know of one mother who was in just this condition from the advent of her first baby into the kingdom which he to-day rules no less royally and exclusively than if adorned with a visible crown and scepter."

"It's not an uncommon case," responded Aunt Jane; "and these children, having 'achieved' tyranny in babyhood, can only be dethroned in later years by persistent but patient and firm though loving effort on the part of the mother who made everything else bend to baby's real or fancied needs in the early days, and who has since kept up the practice with more or less feeble protest as the tyranny has become more and more pronounced and exacting."

"I should think that the children

who 'achieve' tyranny in this way would be more difficult of treatment than those with a bad heredity," said Mrs. Lee.

"They are, as a rule," assented Aunt Jane; "as they have learned to look upon certain things as a matter of right; and it is always harder to be cut off from what has long been received as due than to be denied the same at first."

"I believe you," said Mrs. Lee, rising; "and although I must go home now, I want to run over here again to-morrow and hear your opinions about the children who have had tyranny 'thrust upon' them, for you know we are all coming to look upon you as our domestic oracle, like the lady from Philadelphia in 'The Peterkin Papers,'" and she laughed as she bade Aunt Jane a light "Good morning."

## DRAFTED:

A Memorial Day Poem. Illustrated with Moving Tableaux.

Arranged by the Author of "Preston Papers"

### I.

What? *Drafted!* My Harry! Why, man, 'tis a boy at his books!  
No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie; as delicate, too, in his looks.  
Why it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my kitchen, at tasks.  
*He drafted!* Great God! Can it be that our President knows what he asks?

### II.

He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as brave as the best.  
Narrow-chested, a little, you notice, like him who has long been at rest.  
Too slender for over-much study; why his teacher has made him to-day  
Go out with his ball on the common; and *you've drafted* a child at his play!

### III.

"Not a *patriot?*" Fie! Did I *whimper* when Robert stood up with his gun  
And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we heard of Bull Run?  
Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his face to the wall,  
"There's a staff growing up for your age, Mother," said Robert, "if I am to fall."

### IV.

"*Eighteen?*" Oh, I know; and yet narrowly. Just a wee babe on the day  
When his father got up from his sick bed, and cast his last ballot for Clay.  
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, "A new morsel of fame  
We'll lay on the candidate's altar;" and christened the child with that name.

### V.

Oh, what *have* I done, a weak woman? In what *have* I meddled with harm  
(Troubling God only for sunshine and rain, on my rough little farm)  
That my ploughshares are beaten to *swords*, and sharpened before my eyes—  
That *my* tears must cleanse a foul nation, my *lamb* be a sacrifice?

VI.

Oh, I know there's a country to save, man; and 'tis true there is no appeal.  
But *did* God see my boy's name, lying the uppermost one in the wheel?  
*Five* stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one!  
Are these things Fortune's caprices, or *is* it God's will that is done?

VII.

Are the others *too precious* for resting where Robert is taking his rest,  
With the pictured face of young Annie, lying over the rent in his breast?  
*Too tender* for parting with sweethearts? *Too fair* to be crippled or scarred?  
My boy! Thank God for these tears—I was growing so bitter and hard!

VIII.

Now read me a page from the Book, Harry, that goes in your knapsack to-  
night—  
Of the Eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and falters in flight.  
Talk of something that's nobler than living; of a Love that is higher than  
mine;  
And a Faith that has planted its banners where the heavenly camp-fires shine.

IX.

Talk of Something that tenderly watches, while the shadows glide down in  
the yard,  
That shall go with my soldier to battle—and stand, with my picket, on guard.  
Spirits of loving and lost ones! Watch softly o'er Harry to-night—  
For to-morrow he goes forth to battle! Arm him for Freedom and Right.

—*Author Unknown.*

(The effectiveness of the above poem will depend mainly upon the reading. The words are a constant outburst of emotions that find relief only in vocal expression—and unless the reader can fully enter into sympathy with the various feelings displayed by the widowed mother when she learns that her only remaining son is drafted, its rare qualities will be lost on the audience. The tableaux are but a mere accompaniment.)

*Suggestions.*

*First Stanza.* Scene. Ordinary sitting-room; lady in widow's weeds; knitting near table—having books, papers and work on it—in center of foreground. She rises to greet army officer in uniform, who enters at left, carrying hat in left hand, and in his right, official paper which he passes to lady who reads and turns to him as the reader (who is concealed) pronounces the first word. Her face expresses surprise and incredulity during first half of first line; then expostulation and entreaty. At the words: "Great God," she drops back into her chair, overwhelmed by the thought.

*Second Stanza.* Without rising, she again turns to the officer, and argues the case with special resistance on the last half of the last line.

*Third Stanza.* She is roused to dispute the officer's charge that she is not a patriot, and there is defiance in her attitude as she calls up the memory of Robert's enlisting.

*Fourth Stanza.* Her manner changes as her recollection goes back to Harry's babyhood, and she grows tender in the thoughts of her dead husband.

*Fifth Stanza.* Reflecting on what seems great injustice, her head bowed on her hand.

*Sixth Stanza.* She turns her face to the officer again, to answer his arguments, her face first expressing the helplessness she feels, then doubt.

*Seventh Stanza.* Still addressing the officer she becomes hard in her despair. At the words, "My boy," she turns from the officer, holds out both arms to Harry, who has just entered from rear and advances to meet his mother, who embraces him, weeping. Officer retires slowly and quietly from rear, wiping his eyes. Harry brings a low stool and sits upon it, his elbow on his mother's chair—she caressing him.

*Eighth Stanza.* Harry takes big Bible from table and turns leaves slowly until he finds what he wants. Mother leans back in chair with closed eyes, one hand on Harry; countenance calm, expressing resignation.

*Ninth Stanza.* Harry kneels near mother, who, in last two lines, with clasped hands and uplifted face makes her petition. Curtain falls on this tableau, after the last word of the poem.



EDITED BY FREDERIC H. LUQUEER, PH.D.

I was about to write for this May number a sketch of Froebel's life; and that, logically, would be the proper topic for this chapter in the story of the kindergarten. But while meditating the matter, I could fancy that Froebel came to me, and said: "Do not do that, here. It is very good of you, of course, to think that my 'life' would be interesting reading. But, when I was teaching I was more interested in the children than in myself; and I think your readers would rather see some of the actual work." And Froebel smiled quite kindly upon me; as if he knew it would be all right

about his "life" afterward—that people would learn to love that as soon as they knew something of the work which gave it worth.

"But how would you do this best, in a few printed pages?" I ventured to ask.

"Well," he said, "I wish your readers might have visited my little ones in Germany, and have seen how we played and studied together. Then they might have had a glimpse of what a kindergarten means—or, at least, of what we wished it to mean. But then, who knows? They might have called me 'old fool,' just as some of the people about me used to do, who did not understand."

"Oh, no," I said, "people do not laugh at the kindergarten now."

At this Froebel smiled again. "You don't suppose I mind their laughing, do you? I have gotten quite over that. Besides there were many who did understand; like Baroness Marenholz-Buelow, and they could see the beauty that I did, although I could not altogether explain it to them."

Here Froebel saw what was running in my mind. "Yes," he said, as if responding to my thought, "I wish I had explained it better. I see now that a good deal of what I said and wrote was not clear. But I suppose you will clarify in these papers the dark places when you come to them."

"I shall try to," I said humbly. "But what about this paper?"



"Take your readers, in imagination, to some kindergarten. I shall be there to greet them."

Imagine then, if you will, that we are on our way to a kindergarten. Our visit will be to a kindergarten in the "slums." Perhaps you have read of Froebel's love of nature; and of how essential he deemed it that children themselves should grow in watching the growth of grass and trees under the wide sky of the country. You wonder how a kindergarten can thrive among tenements.

We are passing down Delancey street, New York. This leads through the most densely populated community in the world. The people, the shops, even the paving stones seem huddled together. Children, too, abound. See those little girls seated on opposite curb. One has no stockings. The other's little bare knees show through, and are brown enough. But she is quite happy and unconscious of rent and buttonless dress, while she prattles to a dolly. She will soon be one of the "little mothers" of the East side, and baby brother or sister will take the place of doll.

As we pass on, the unlovely aspects of human life seem more and more oppressive. Sometimes there is a bit of picturesque color and dress; but how seldom one sees a face that at first look is attractive—attractive, that is, æsthetically.

But here we are at the University Settlement. It is a pleasure to enter the kindergarten room. Everything is even more than clean. There are good pictures on the wall—some of the original drawings for the Century and St. Nicholas. The general air of the room is such that one feels that a smile is not out of place.

We are early; but soon the children begin to come. Here is one brought by a mother, who explains why the little one was away the day before. You look at the two, and you hope that the child will somehow grow up to be different from the mother. Which will

conquer, we wonder, the heredity and the street and home influence, or the efforts of kindergarten and teacher?

Now "school" begins. The children are seated in a wide circle about the teacher. If you are a stranger to a room full of children from four to six years of age, you cannot help smiling at these little tots sitting for the moment quietly and reverently for their verse of opening prayer. It is a strangely touching scene; not sadly so; because the confidence of the children lends itself to you, and you live with them in the present happily. Victor Hugo, in his "Ninety-Three," says: "The sublimest canticle to be heard on earth is the stammering of the human soul on the lips of infancy. That confused chirruping of a thought, that is as yet no more than an instinct, has in it one knows not what sort of artless appeal to the eternal justice. . . . This ignorance smiling at the Infinite compromises all creation in the lot that shall fall to the weak, defenceless being. Ill, if it shall come, will be an abuse of confidence." So, too, with this group of children.

But these children no longer quite belong to helpless infancy. They are very much alive (though some are a little sleepy, because kept up so late at night in the homes whence they come); and are entering into all sorts of relationships with the great world in which they find themselves. Already they are asserting their lordship over nature; and are by no means its passive slaves. They are on good terms with its various phenomena, as their next song shows. It is "Good morning, merry sunshine," and with this they greet the day joyously. It is very funny to see the little fingers during the progress of the song, indicate the sun's march on the afternoon before, and his reappearance next morn in the east. With what ease they dispose of the miracle of the sunrise!

One of the kindergartners tells us:\*

\*See Sixth Annual Report of College Settlements Association.



"Last winter we gave more time than usual to talks about light, and especially to the moon and stars, and the children were very responsive. Since the earth in the neighborhood cannot be considered very beautiful or inspiring, we were glad to lead them to look at the sky, and we found that they noticed a great deal. Several children told us that they had seen 'Father and mother stars and baby stars,' and one baby saw 'Three stars marching.' One evening two little boys rang the bell and called us down to see a star which had come out early. 'The little new moon' was eagerly greeted and watched throughout its changes, and the 'moon songs' were perhaps the favorite songs."

After the opening song of greeting to the sun, or to the rain, if occasion calls, there comes the morning talk. This morning it is about the farmer, and the miller, and all the people it takes "to get their food ready." On the blackboard is a picture of the farmer ploughing his fields, with a suggestion of barn, and fence, and tree. Some of the little ones have never seen the country, but many have been out of town for a week or two, so the picture has a meaning. There, too, is a picture of the mill, with its great wheel, and the stream flowing on and on. The children sing:

He saw a shining river go winding in and out,  
And little fishes in it were swimming all about,  
And slowly, slowly turning the great wheel of the mill.

Here the little hands and fingers represent the movements sung about; and for the moment they are real fishes swimming in the clear water; and then in a twinkling they are the mill wheel itself, turning round and round, preparing food for ever so many hungry people.

These morning talks, comprehended and acted out by the children, are the text-books of the kindergarten. They give the elements of physical and so-

cial science, of ethics and æsthetics. In the talk we are listening to, there are brought out the change of seasons, seed time and harvest; the work of man in conjunction with nature, and the solidarity of society: one sows and reaps, another grinds, another bakes, another sells; the work of each depends upon all.

Rains and storms and discouragements are interpreted hopefully. The kindergartner tells us of a party of the children who were taken to the country for a week. "During this time," she says, "there was a great deal of rain, and the children were confined to the piazza much of the time, and there was really no fretting, and though they were noisy they were happy and contented, and always pleased to sing the rain songs and to talk about 'How the rain is helping.'"

Then the kindergartner asks us if we do not wish to hear one of the rain songs.

"Yes, indeed," we say. So the little ones, with down-pouring fingers, sing:

Sprinkle, sprinkle comes the rain,  
Tapping on the window pane,  
Coursing, forcing tiny rills  
To the dripping window sills.

CHORUS.

O, merry is the music of the rain,  
As it comes to refresh the hill and plain;  
Hear it patter, patter, patter on the pane,  
'Tis the merry, merry music of the rain.

What a cheerful philosophy is contained in that!

But it is time now for a game that will rest and exercise the whole body; so the children, eager for the play, bravely struggle with the chairs till they are back against the wall, and the floor is free. Here is a boy of four that is a stranger in this world of the kindergarten, and stands almost bewildered at what is being done; but his neighbor takes his hand, and in action, if not in words, says: "Come, and I'll show you what to do; it's lots of fun."

The game of "birdie" has been chosen. The children are in a ring, save a few who are the birdies for the

time being. These latter fly and flutter about while the others sing. Very pretty are the little child-birds during the happy movements of the game. Some of the children in the ring have been chosen to be the mother-birds; the ground on which they stand is the nest. When the night comes, the birdies who have been away from the home nest fly back to the warm welcome of the mother. See that little girl yonder, as her hand caresses the head of her nestling. How tenderly she does it, with her sweet little air of protection. Then you cannot help but laugh as you see a boy opposite her. He, too, has been appointed mother; but not by divine right. He, too, strokes the head of the "birdie" before him; but his hands go as if they were paddles on a toy that has been wound up. Never mind. There is the game of the blacksmith; and in that his nature—good, sturdy, useful—will find fitter expression.

After the game, the children seat themselves at long tables, the tops of which are marked off in inch squares, to guide the stick-laying. One group busies itself with the building blocks; another with mat weaving, and still another with sewing a pattern pricked on cardboard. Here the perceptions are being trained, the desire to create something new is given scope, and some ideas are taken in of beauty in symmetry and color.

Scarcely anything is more beautiful than the face of a child absorbed in this play-work. There is the effortful attention mastering, it may be, the weaving needle and making it obedient to the design, the child for the moment oblivious of everything else. Then there is the proud look of achievement when the work is done; and the happy flush at the teacher's word of appreciation.

But attention must not be strained too long; and after some further change in the occupation, the time comes for recess and lunch. If we have gotten into the spirit of the place, we shall help put the little tin plates in row, and shall enjoy the game with

the bread and milk as much as the other numbers of the programme.

While the next hour passes we look over some of the accumulated work. There are cubes and spheres in clay, jugs, wheels, houses; sewed patterns of cow and horse and man; mats of beautiful colors—all of them standing for a good deal of skill and dexterity. As we think of the stories that have been connected with these we feel how mind and imagination are being trained, so that the children here have a chance to open like lilies—though with mud at the roots. But, with lilies and kindergarten children, mud is as if it were not. So we must not be weakly pitiful.

Some visitors have brought a quantity of daisies from the country, and as the children are about to leave, the flowers are distributed. Each child now owns something of its very own that is beautiful. They are little Wordsworthians and love the flower, and caress it, we doubt not, with as many names as the poet.

Now teachers and children sing a verse of good-bye. We go out with the children. You have met Froebel, I think, in the teachers. You marvel at their tact and patience as they joyously enter into and guide this kindergarten life. The ruling power here is not fear, but love; and not merely instinctive love, but informed and thoughtful. And that is Froebel. There is the serenity that comes with trustful, busy life, made strong amid constant trial; and the joy that takes as its own every gleam of truth and of beauty that comes to it; and so much comes through the child.

"As I wondered where all the joy came from,

This thought fell from heaven on me,  
That when God and a babe are together,  
A little fountain of glee

Must needs bubble up in the child's heart,

Because those waters are given,

And ever renewed by the joy tides

Of the great cheerful Heart in heaven."

And now, perhaps, we shall be ready to take up the life of Froebel; unless he sends us off again upon a visit to another kindergarten.



## "ORGANIZED MOTHER LOVE"

BY MARY ALINE BROWN

### Environments and Incidents of Its Inception.

The great flood of sympathy for sin-oppressed humanity which filled the mother hearts of the country in 1874, overcame natural timidity and prompted the prayers and labors of the Crusade, availed in many places to the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic, but was found inadequate to effect a permanent cure for the deep-seated malady.

In some places where the saloons had been closed and the saloon keeper converted to a better life, other men, with hearts steeled against all good influences, came in to take up the vile business. How to affect a radical and permanent change, became the absorbing question of the hour.

In August of that year was held the first National Sunday School Assembly at Chautauqua Lake, and hither came, from east and west, many of these heart-burdened women, and as they talked together of the events and results of the Crusade days, their hearts were inspired with the thought that the temperance cause needed the united efforts of all the women of the country.

Mrs. Mattie McClellan Brown, of Alliance, Ohio, was the first to put the inspiration into words, and without delay steps were taken toward such concentration of forces.

A call was read from the platform of the Auditorium by Dr. J. H. Vincent, for a meeting of the ladies for organization. Of this call Miss Willard says: "Once more appears the poetic justice ever recurring in this unique movement of the W. C. T. U.

Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent, the noble founder of that delightful Sylvan University, is perhaps the most quietly uncompromising opponent of women's public work to be found among the enlightened tribes of men. And yet, right here, with his cordial endorsement, on the 15th of August, 1874, good and gifted women gathered, fresh from the Crusade pentecost, and prayed and planned into permanent organic form, the work which has since sent hundreds of temperance Esthers and Miriams to the platform and the polls."

A meeting for arranging preliminaries was held August 14th in a new board shanty, on Asbury avenue, by invitation of Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing.

Mrs. Ingham, of Cleveland, said of it: "The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was born, not in a manger, but on a floor of straw, in an apartment into which the daylight shone through holes and crevices."

On the same day a temperance prayer meeting was held under the canvas tabernacle, followed by a business meeting, presided over by Mrs. Jennie F. Willing, and participated in by perhaps fifty Christian women. Here women were chosen to represent the various States in the anticipated meeting to be held the following day.

A large audience assembled at the appointed hour, August 15th, and with Mrs. Willing in the chair and Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller as secretary, the deliberations began, which resulted in the formation of a commit-

tee on organization. The chairman and secretary of the meeting were authorized to issue a circular letter asking the Woman's Temperance Leagues everywhere to hold conventions for the purpose of electing one woman from each Congressional district as delegate to an organizing convention to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, November 18, 19 and 20, 1874.

The call was issued and the plan found favor at once with the temperance women all over the land. Conventions were held in many States and delegates were appointed, who, on the morning of November 18th, 1874, assembled in the auditorium of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cleveland, after an hour spent in prayer in the lecture room.

Here, as in preceding meetings, Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing was the presiding officer, with Mrs. Mary T. Burt, of New York, and Miss Auretta Hoyt, of Indiana, as secretaries.

The committees appointed by this first National Convention represented the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and California.

Among the names are many which have since become household words in this and many lands. Some of these loved and honored ones completed their earthly labors while in life's prime and are gone up higher where labor is glorified; some are with us still in a beautiful and fruitful old age, while others still are yet in the front of the battle for God and Humanity.

The officers chosen for the first year of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union were: President, Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, Philadelphia, Pa.; corresponding secretary, Miss Frances E. Willard, Chicago, Ill.; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary C.

Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; treasurer, Mrs. W. A. Ingham, Cleveland, Ohio. A vice-president from each State was also elected. Concerning some of the personalities of this convention we give Miss Willard's own piquant description. "We had a bright little lady lawyer, Mrs. Foster, all the way from Iowa, to be chief of our Committee on Constitution, and to set us right on legal points in general. We had a thorough-going lady physician, Mrs. Harriet French of Philadelphia, who was competent to tell us of the relation of alcohol to medicine. We had three or four editors, any quantity of teachers, two college professors, Quaker ministers, looking out with dove-like eyes from their dove-colored bonnets; and besides these, three licensed preachers of the Methodist persuasion, besides business women not a few, and gray-haired matrons from scores of sacred homes, all up and down the land. Goethe's prophetic words, 'The ever-feminine draweth on,' received new confirmation when, at the close of our last mass-meeting one of our ablest speakers, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, of Michigan, after a telling address, made a brief prayer, and then stretched out her hands and gave us the apostolic benediction. And this in the pulpit of a Presbyterian church!"

From the same authority we transcribe the words which expressed the deep conviction which prevailed in this convention, "Woman is ordained to lead the vanguard of this great movement until the public is borne across the abyssmal transition from the superstitious notion that 'alcohol is food' to the scientific fact that 'alcohol is poison', from the pusillanimous concession that intemperance is a great evil to the responsible conviction that the liquor traffic is a crime."

Of some of the agencies used by the organization in its different educational lines, we will speak next month.



## FASHION'S DOMAIN

By DOROTHY HALLETT

A singular feature of current fashions is the rage which exists for the styles of the past century. The forgotten glories of that luxurious epoch are awakened to fresh life in the minds of our *élégantes* and the *toilettes* of Madame du Barry and others of that ilk, are considered as desirable as their morals are objectionable.

An infinite variety of capes and jackets are exhibited by the large establishments, style of make as well as trimming varying widely. The plain, straight cape is still in existence, but more pretentious styles have rather eclipsed it. The favorite style can hardly be called a cape at all, it is a species of tight-fitting bolero combined with sleeves resembling a *pelerine*. The material selected must of necessity be rich velvet, satin or lace, with applications of tulle, cloth, silk, bullion, and embroideries covered with spangles or beads or scales in iridescent tints. The sets for trimming are sold all made and put on by the dressmaker according to her taste. A cheaper wrap may be made in this style by using cloth and trimming more simply, the result, if less rich material, will at least be a gain from the standpoint of price, as the saving in labor is of necessity an important item.

One very handsome model of the heavily trimmed wrap is of black satin duchesse with ivy leaves in velvet application. Their contours are outlined by double two-color rows of beads; the veins and stems are formed of small metallic scales set close together. The interstices of the pattern are filled with heavy cord ornaments, while here and there glitters a spangle. There is further a thick bead outlining border, embellished with large jets and large cut pieces of glass. The body of the cape is so covered with this embroidery that it is scarcely visible. To it are joined epaulettes of shirred gauze equally embroidered

with beads and spangles. The addition upon the shoulder is covered by mousseline ruches, which also encircle the neck and continue down the front. The epaulette are arranged upon an underlay of colored taffetas.

Among the wraps of the cape style, with fichu-like pointed front and back parts, is one especially worthy of notice. It is doubled over in front into broad gold-embroidered revers; from the waist fall long ends to the bottom of the skirt. Strings of beads about ten inches long hang from the shoulders, where semi-circular pieces of fabric are joined to the fichu, completed by a closely finished plissé lace flounce about four inches wide, the joining seam covered by a narrow muslin ruche. Over the bust is set in a small silk muslin vest, composed entirely of puffs and ruches; the neck is surrounded by a lace ruche, very low in front, while behind it is inordinately high, forming a large butterfly bow. The fabrics used for models of this genre are the new moires with their peculiar waterings, which are the preferred material for all fichu-like wraps.

The last "agony" for spring is a short mantle with four points of *moiré* with lace veiling and an edging of silk muslin. Only one of the points is fastened in the back at the waist line, the rest is entirely unconfined. The *passementerie* straps over the shoulders are fastened by large jet stars.

Plain cloth will be extensively used for costumes during the spring and summer months. The cheaper grades are seen in brown and dark blue, while silver gray, moss and Russian green, Prussian blue, cerise, scarlet and the whole family of reds, are made in fine cloths only. For visiting gowns light cloths, such as *ménelik*, muslin cloth and the like, are principally employed; *brochés* are also seen in great variety.

Foulards and other soft silks will be



in vogue. They come in pretty, delicate colors and patterns and are suitable for wear on all occasions. A very handsome blue and white foulard is made with a bolero, this and the skirt being embellished with an application of Irish point lace. The blouse is of white silk muslin, with a belt of royal rose taffetas. The shoulders are covered with a collar of Irish point.

Fronts to wear with boleros are becoming a leading feature in spring sales; solid and figured batistes, satins, linens, woollens, muslins, zephyrs, lawn tennis stuffs, pongees, taffetas, foulards and an endless number of fancy fabrics, are used for them. Standing roll collars and cuffs of the same kind are worn with them.

For tailor-made costumes, vests are becoming an important feature. They are worn with stiff collars and cravats. Most of these vests are made with a back, so that they narrowly escape being blouses.

The fichu is to be a feature of gowns this summer as well as last. A novel arrangement is draped in folds and fastened upon the breast, the ends descending to the waist and forming a bow-knot or being held together by a ribbon bow with long loops and ends. The shawl effect is well liked, but the style preferred is arranged on one side, thus permitting a freer hand in combining materials and colors.

The heat is causing standing ruches to be displaced by those which droop gracefully over the shoulders. No new fabrics for making them have appeared; mulls, muslin chiffons and liberty gauze in combination with narrow valenciennes and embroideries are still used. In ready-made ruches those most in demand are trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, and with small picots and silk loops. Pongee ruches with puffs at the edges are growing in popularity.

Great efforts are made to get up a new sleeve. A novelty is of half and three-quarter length the shoulder drapey, ending in a plain, broad strip reaching to the elbow, and being

made of a great diversity of materials, such as lace, beads, galloon, appliqués and spachtet.

In all fancy creations there are combinations of black with cream, beige, sky, rose and red. Red promises to be the leading color for all accessories this spring, their chief rival being écru.

It is absolutely necessary at the present time to have the costume in harmony, each garment being the proper accompaniment of every other worn at the same time. This requirement is especially strong as concerns gloves. Each occasion has its particularly appropriate glove. We have gloves for the promenade, ball, theatre, sports, for larger or smaller social gatherings, for christenings, for marriages. Some of them are so decorated that they carry one back to the epoch of jewelled gauntlets. Some have on the back three lines of heavy gold cord between which are small diamonds or pearls; others have costly lace cuffs, studded with gems.



Figure 1.

Figure 1. Costume of piqué. The full skirt has seven bands of black velvet ribbon about the bottom, above which is a band of fine Hamburg insertion finished above by two more black velvet bands. The Figaro jacket is decorated with embroidery on its edges and by a large collar trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon. A girdle is made in similar style. The sleeves have a full puff at the top and are long on the hand.



Figures 3 and 4.

Figure 3. Bodice of folds of red satin back and front. Bolero of lace with ruff of red satin.

Figure 4. Waist of cerise silk; girdle, vest and sleeve bands of red beurre lace, red cord.

Figure 5. Costume of organdie. The skirt is plain, an over-piece being arranged in cuirass fashion over the hips and the same effect being produced on the waist. Colors, lavender and green.

Figure 6. Bodice of white silk and insertion draped up on left side, held by silver buckle and bows. Gathered sleeve ending in a triple puff at the top.



Figure 2.

Figure 2. Lawn Costume. Dress of turquoise blue lawn with many rows of narrow ruffled lace on the skirt. The sleeve is made to produce the same effect. The bodice has a blouse with ruffles of narrow lace above and a fall of deeper about the bust. The bolero is of turquoise blue silk with a dark green decoration, the same shade being used for collar and belt.



Figures 5 and 6.



## HOME COOKERY

BY

HELEN GAY

**And Easily  
and  
Quickly  
Made  
Dessert**

One pint cream whipped stiff,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup fruit,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup powdered sugar mixed thoroughly. (Fresh or canned peaches or strawberries).

After the cream is whipped, add the fruit and sugar mixture, pour into a quart mold and place over cream a piece of parafine paper or white writing paper will do, and put on cover. Have some chopped ice in a dish pan and put two layers of the ice sprinkled with rock salt into a freezer or pail, then place in the mold and proceed with the ice and salt until you have three layers of ice and salt alternated on top of mold. Cover pail with a piece of carpet and put in cool place for 3 hours. Before serving let some hot water run over the mold and the frozen cream will come out easily. This is an inexpensive company dessert, the pint of cream costing 20 cents, ice 10 cents, fruit, salt and sugar but a trifle more, and is made in about fifteen minutes, chopping the ice taking the greater part of the time, and if one has a coarse canvas bag for the ice and a heavy mallet, the task is easy. The above quantity will serve 6 persons.

**Brown  
Fricassee  
of Chicken**

Cut the chicken into pieces, wash, dip into egg and cracker crumbs as you would veal cutlet, put some lard—a good quantity—into a frying pan, let it get very hot and brown the

chicken. While the chicken is browning, put in the pan an onion peeled and quartered, one clove stuck into one of the quarters of onion, and a few slices of carrot. Remove each piece of chicken after it becomes a rich brown and put into a saucepan. After all the chicken has been nicely browned, add 1 quart of water and a cup of canned or stewed tomatoes, if you happen to have them, season to taste with salt and pepper and let all boil together for a few minutes. Strain over the chicken in the saucepan, cover and set back on the stove for two hours. Longer, if the chicken is not a tender one.

Take four slices of a small loaf of stale bread or three slices of a larger loaf, cut an inch thick, spread with butter and cut into pieces about 2 inches square, put into pudding dish holding 3 pints, and sprinkle thickly with raisins or currants. Then pour over it 1 quart of milk in which has been mixed 4 eggs, and a teaspoon of flavoring to suit the taste, bake in hot oven and serve hot with a hard sauce made of a tablespoon of butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup powdered sugar beaten to a cream, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of vanilla and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of lemon, put in small dish in which it is to be served and sprinkle over it some ground cinnamon.

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

Referring to our "Old Maids' Corner," we are pleased to announce that Miss Frances E. Willard has promised her contribution soon—and there are others. The editor of the "O. M." corner is determined that it shall be *the* corner of the magazine. A person after reading her Greeting and the first installment of "left overs" in the current issue, can hardly doubt but that it will be at least one of *the* corners.

It was our intention to introduce in the current issue a page devoted to advice and information on banking for ladies. We feel convinced that many of our subscribers would welcome as timely a few reliable pointers on this important subject. Lack of space has compelled us to postpone until the June issue "Hints on Finance for Women."

It would hardly appear necessary to call especial attention to our "Little Folks' Department," for the many communications of approval received would indicate that it is accomplishing its own work very effectively. It

may be well though to say that there shall be a purpose in this as in all else in our magazine. There shall be a moral to every leaflet. Something that will tend to lead the child's mind in the right channel, thereby in its own little way aiding the mother.

"Aunt Margaret" has charge of the Little Folks," and she has in preparation a department for our more advanced "Little Folk," which may make its appearance in the June number.

We regret that, due to lack of space, we were compelled to postpone the reprint of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," as announced in the April number, for May. It is our present intention to have the "First Night" appear in the June issue.

"A Bundle of Rushes," issued from the press of the Rush City Post, Rush City, Minn., is devoted to a series of dialect treatments by Franklyn W. Lee. The fourth number of this booklet series of Mr. Lee's verses will be "Hearts."

## HOUSECLEANING.

Yes, M'rilly's bin housecleanin' 'n I'm sleepin'  
in the shed,  
With some buggy robes for kivers 'n the wash  
bench fer a bed ;  
There's confusion in the parlor 'n a heap  
sight more up stairs,  
While I kaint find comfort nowhere fer the  
varnish on the chairs.

First they tore up all the carpets; then they  
pulled down all the shades.  
Till the place looked like a homestead after  
one of Moseby's raids;  
Next the walls were renervated, 'n the floors  
was soaked 'n scrubbed;  
'N M'rilly bossed the workers as they pounded,  
shook and rubbed.

Oh, I tell yer, 'taint so funny when yer eatin  
off the shelf,  
'N a feller hez to hustle fer a place to lay his-  
self;  
Fer the wimern folks mean bizness 'n they  
make a feller jump,  
Till he's like a pesky camel with a double  
action hump.

*Franklyn W. Lee.*



and gathered water lilies and saw the little squirrels eating nuts.



Poor Harry! when mamma came in she took him in her arms while he told her how sorry he was for disobeying her, and May told him again to try to learn that his way was not always the right way and that mamma knows best.

# Little Folks' Department

## OF

### ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

By AUNT MARGARET.



Every summer May, Harry and Esther went to live in a cottage their papa had bought in the country. May was so

happy and cheerful most of the time that mamma called her "Sunshine."

Harry sometimes grieved mamma very much by not doing what she told him to do, or doing what he was told not to do. You see he wanted his own way.

Esther was like the little girl with the curl hanging on her forehead.

"When she was good she was very good indeed. But when she was bad she was horrid."

One day Harry came in the

2

Mamma put on dry clothes and bandaged his foot, but he



had to sit in a chair all the afternoon while May and Esther went with mamma in the boat

7

was a blessing as well as the sunshine; the poor flowers in the garden had been very thirsty.

But where was Harry? not in the house, and mamma feared he had disobeyed her and gone to the pond. She went to the door and there coming down the road was a man carrying Harry. He had gone to the pond and was hanging from a tree trying to get the lilies. The limb broke and he fell into the water and hurt his foot.

house and said the water lilies were open in the pond and wanted to take his sisters in the boat to get some. Mamma said



it would not be safe for them to go alone, and if to-morrow was clear that she would go with them.

When they awoke the next morning it was raining; for a while Harry played with his toys and May and Esther were looking out of the window. Then Esther began to get cross and to tease May and Harry, and mamma thought she would have to send her to her room. "Now, Esther," she said, "I think it is going to clear and we can go this afternoon, but if you are cross and annoy us any more you will have to stay at home." Esther knew mamma

always did as she said and she wanted to go and get the flowers which grow in the water, so she asked mamma if she could not pull the bastings out of the dress she



was making. When Esther wanted to help, mamma knew she was trying to be good.

Then the sun came out, and mamma told them that the rain

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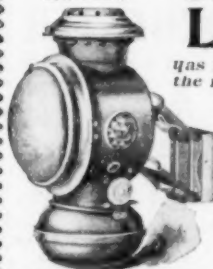
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